

# THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Portrait by White

BILLIE BURKE  
*as Rose Briar*





Study © by J. W. Pondelicek

## FREEDOM

*A Delicate Study in Grateful Ease of Gesture and the Endlessness of Space*



# THEATRE MAGAZINE

Edited by  
ARTHUR HORNBLow and  
ARTHUR HORNBLow, Jr.



## *Olla Podrida*

*Is This the Promised National Theatre?*

THE announcement of the proposed huge theatrical merger, a combination of the leading producers with a capitalization of one hundred million dollars, has been received with mixed feelings. By those to whom the theatre is primarily an investment, the combination is welcomed as putting the business on a systematized footing. There can be no doubt that highly organized co-ordination of interests as applied to theatre building, rentals, transportation, productions, etc., would result in the elimination of much waste and the effecting of enormous savings. But who would get the advantage of these savings? That the combine would mean bigger profits for the operators may be conceded. That it would also mean higher salaries, or the bettering of conditions, for the players, or cheaper seats or better plays for theatregoers is not so clear. Above all, what would be the effect on the quality of stage production?

To the small, independent producer, already staggering under the considerable handicap of theatre monopoly and high rentals, the proposed merger assumes the menacing aspect of a financial colossus who, by sheer weight of capital, will constitute himself sole arbiter of the fate of any new artist or production striving for a hearing. This disquieting aspect of the situation was quickly recognized by the *New York Times*, which, in its issue of January 17, said: "It (the proposed merger) would bring the business of theatre rentals into a central organization and practically prohibit the playing of productions unable to come to terms with the organization." Even though the independent producer succeeded in securing a theatre in New York, what chance would he have in getting booking on the road unless he bowed to the new combine? It means that no play—no matter how meritorious as a work of art—that did not happen to please the theatrical dictators, would have a chance of being seen in other towns. Such cities as Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, would be dead and buried as Pompeii as far as being in touch with the best in modern theatric art is concerned.

IS memory so short? Less than three decades ago—long enough ago for the present generation of playgoers to forget—Mr. A. L. Erlanger, whose name is prominently mentioned in connection with the proposed merger, was leader in a similar combine of theatres, or Theatre Trust. By their ownership of a chain of playhouses all over the country, Mr. Erlanger and his associates were able to dictate terms to stars and producers. There was instant rebellion by the better elements of the theatre. Mr. Belasco and Mrs. Fiske, controlling no theatres of their own, were reduced to playing in barns. Richard Mansfield, Joseph Jefferson, Francis Wilson, Nat Goodwin among others, all defied the Octopus and suffered in consequence for their temerity. The war lasted until the advent of the Shuberts, then a rising young firm of producers, who threw in their influence on the side of the independents. The power of the

Trust was broken, but now there were two masters instead of one. The suicidal competition led to a superfluity of theatres and over-production of plays, a condition from which the stage is still suffering. How will the new consolidation remedy this situation? If it succeeds in checking ruinous theatre building, is it not likely also to stifle all competition in play production and present only such plays as it imagines satisfy the box office demand? What chance of a hearing would such recent successes as *Liliom*, *He Who Gets Slapped*, *R. U. R.*, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, have had in this country were our stage entirely governed by such a policy as that?

NOR is much comfort to be derived from the stock selling feature—not a very dignified proceeding at best, degrading the drama as it does to the level of the stock-jobbing movies. Investors, it seems, are to be attracted to the scheme by the promise of large dividends. The investor, in truth, is more interested in fat dividends than he is in art. If stockholders think such plays as *Ladies' Night* or *The Demi-Virgin* are going to bring them bigger returns, it is only logical to assume that they will throw such influence as they possess in the direction of shows of that ilk.

The subtle humor of the merger's announcement is that it followed close on the heels of much enthusiastic talk about a "National Theatre"—a new playhouse to be endowed and conducted on non-commercial lines, a house entirely free from box office influences, which should uphold the best traditions of the stage, promote native dramatic genius and incidentally, inculcate in our audiences a taste for the very best—in short such an institution as all earnest lovers of the drama have desired for years. A most laudable ambition often experimented with, now lukewarmly, now royally, as in the case of the splendid New Theatre on Central Park West, when a group of well-intentioned millionaires burnt their fingers doing a good thing badly.

The most recent attempt to establish here something of the kind is the movement for a National Theatre sponsored by Mr. Augustus Thomas and others. We have nothing but good wishes for the success of Mr. Thomas and his associates in their efforts to give us a stage freed from commercialism and representative of the dramatic genius of our great country, but we experienced somewhat of a shock when the list of officers was issued and the names of Mr. A. L. Erlanger and Mr. Lee Shubert, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, were found leading all the rest. What possible sympathy, we ask with all due humility, can the promoters of a theatrical consolidation have with the aims and aspirations of a National Theatre? *Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère?* Or must we conclude that the proposed combine is to take the place of an independent, subsidized stage?

Were we promised a National Theatre only to get—a Merger?



# Not For Pleasure Only

*The Playhouse Something Better Than a Pander to the Vicious and the Vacuous*

By CHANNING POLLOCK

**W**HY do you go to the theatre?  
To be entertained.  
So do I.

**BUT** what entertains you?

Seeing a fat woman, with an arm-full of bundles, fall off a street car? Or the dramatic equivalent of that spectacle?

If so, we are back to my first question: WHY do you go to the theatre?

Why don't you stand on the nearest corner, and pray for a street car, a fat woman, and a banana peel? The combination would give you your fun so much more cheaply—without degrading the theatre.

It's a curious thing—this idea of "entertainment." The playhouse, everyone tells us, is and should be "a place of entertainment." Nobody persists that the Metropolitan Opera House should be "a place of entertainment," or the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Nobody wants to devote Carnegie Hall to recitals of songs by Jerome Kern and Irving Berlin.

**BUT**, conceding the need of "entertainment," and that the playhouse is the place for it—an institution rightly given over to laughter and the display of women—why must we concede also that laughter is to be provoked only by what is broad, and vulgar, and obvious? Don't people laugh in their libraries with Mark Twain and J. M. Barrie, and, if there aren't, perhaps, as many of these as laugh at the comic supplements, do we turn over our best publishing houses, and our finest binderies, to the issuance of comic supplements?

Entertainment is what Augustus Thomas declares someone said of Caesar's wife—"all things unto all men." There are thousands of adolescents whose notion of fun is planting a tack upon a chair. There are thousands more whose conception of thrill is a public fisticuffs between a barber and a bootlegger. For these there are always the motion pictures, and other standard forms of amusement. Why must the theatre cater to them?

## NEGLECTED INTELLIGENTSIA

**T**HE answer has been that there aren't enough people who laugh at a witty line and thrill at a big idea. But how do we know? Somebody asked a celebrated divine whether he admitted that Christianity had been a failure, and he replied that he didn't admit it had ever been tried. Until very recently, has there been any evidence that an appeal to intelligent people has ever been tried largely in the theatre?

My latest play, *The Fool*, was managerially foredoomed. The wisest impresario asserted that no great percentage of the population was even mildly interested in the question whether, in this day and age, it was possible for anybody to live like Christ. The great percentage of the population, according to them—the overwhelming majority—were occupied exclusively

with crooks, harlots, and adultery. To the utter amazement of these diagnosticians, a very great percentage of the population has manifested its concern in this problem, and in the problems discussed in *Loyalties*, and *R. U. R.*, and *Rain*, and *Seventh Heaven*. These are the great financial successes today in New York, with some attention being paid also to *Johannes Kreisler*, and *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, and *The World We Live In*. One after another, the stencilled, stereotyped, cheap and obvious, false and unobservant muck-rakings about "crooks" and harlots, and adultery—the chief reliance of the theatre these many moons—have come into town,

"Many theatregoers don't check their brains with their hats. They want something more than idle laughter. They know about the big questions of the day and are more vitally interested in them than in discovering which man will get at the pistol in the table drawer or whether the lady's husband will find her gloves upon the sofa and deduce that his best friend hasn't spent the afternoon playing cribbage."

and, after a brief period of neglect, have folded their tents like the Arabs and as silently stolen away.

The truth is that the intelligent people, the cultured people, long alienated, are coming back. For a considerable time, a little group of managers in control gave the public what they thought it wanted and understood, which was only what they wanted and understood. Men who had never read a book in their lives, or attended a lecture, who hadn't the faintest idea what people were thinking, because they never thought—except about crooks and harlots—or associated with men and women who did, produced for themselves, and imagined they were producing for the thinking public. At the end of that time, there was no thinking public—or, at least, none that ever dreamed of going to the theatre. The better grade of professional man or merchant tried it once, and found himself condemned to a three-hour association with thieves; tried it again and had to listen to an infantile love story or to witness a reflection of life as it never was, and never could be, and then—stayed home! After that, when he had three hours to give, and ten dollars to spend, he attended a lecture, or a concert, or remained

in his dressing gown and his living room and read something by Wells, or Lawrence, or W. B. Maxwell.

## CREATING A PUBLIC

**A**LL the time this certain group of managers was insisting that there was no public for good plays they were obliged to admit that, somehow, there was an unprecedentedly large public for lectures and recitals. But they never looked for the answer. Now and then a good play, like *The Silver Box*, was produced, and failed, and then the mighty chorus said: "You see!" It was as though a newspaper that had published a comic supplement every Sunday for years suddenly issued, instead, the reproduction of an etching by Whistler. When none of the newspaper's readers showed any interest in the etching, the publisher cried: "There is no public for Whistler." Whereas the fact merely was that all the public that cared for Whistler had stopped reading that particular newspaper.

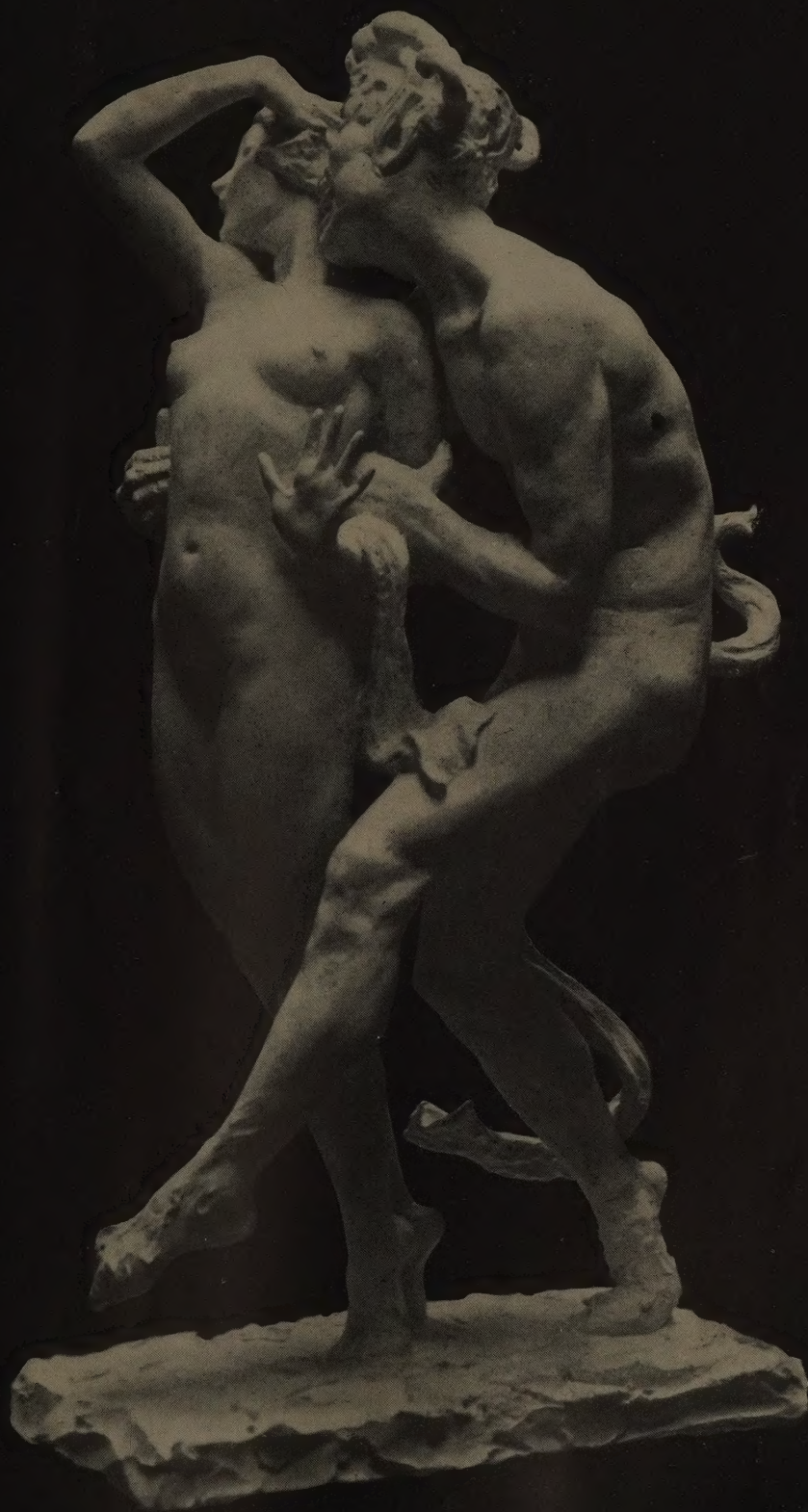
A very considerable proportion of theatre-goers—I'm not sure that they do not constitute the majority—derive "entertainment" from the exercise of the mental faculties, instead of from their suspension. A very considerable proportion do not check their brains with their hats, and go home satisfied to take nothing with them but the program. They want something more than idle laughter as a return for their evenings. They know about the big questions of the day, and are more vitally interested in them, and concerned by them, than in discovering which man will get at the pistol in the table drawer, or whether the lady's husband will find her gloves upon the sofa and deduce that his best friend hasn't spent the afternoon playing cribbage.

**W**ITH the coming of new blood, and new brains, of a new kind of manager into the little group, it has been made manifest that the things people think about, and talk about, and read about, are the things they want to hear about in the theatre. That the millions of men and women who wouldn't tolerate a three-hour discussion of some calf-love story in their drawing rooms—or of thievery or harlotry—won't tolerate it in the theatre. So manifest that, slowly but surely, this little group is falling into bankruptcy and the middle distance. You and I shall live to see them as definitely out of our theatre as they never were in our drawing rooms.

Even the other portion of the public—the portion that ought to be negligible to composers of music, and painters of pictures, and writers of plays—is learning that there really is nothing forbidding about art, that thought isn't entirely painful, and thrill may come from a lovely line as

(Concluded on page 52)





### L'APRES MIDI D'UN FAUN

*A creation of spirited beauty executed by Allan Clark, a young American sculptor, that recalls the subject of its inspiration, Nijinski, the great Russian dancer who brought fame to himself in this country with his dance of the faun, and who now rests mind-weary in a European "maison de sante" as a result of the tragedies and set-backs of the war*



# The Mirrors of Stageland

*Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures*

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

## XV.—AVERY HOPWOOD

WHICH tall young man with light hair? The one who is walking up the aisle with the air of a minister officiating at a funeral? I needn't look. I know. That is Avery Hopwood.

He goes to the theatre with the most unamused, I'll-bear-it-but-don't-think-for-a minute-I-like-it look you ever saw in a Broadway theatre. I know he has made millions laugh—and incidentally he's made a million or two doing it—but I've never seen him do more than faintly, boredly smile at the most shrieking farces. I believe good old *Charley's Aunt* would be a funeral oration to him.

Avery Hopwood is on Broadway, but not of it. He is the recluse of the Rialto. He has the tastes of a hermit. Lives at Westport, Long Island, with his mother to whom he is beautifully devoted. His life is embittered by the Broadway managers. No, not by refusing his plays, but accepting them. And placing orders seasons ahead for new ones. His life is one long wish for time to write a serious novel. Same as Sammy Shipman, who wants to stop writing long run plays and give himself to philosophy.

He began with *Clothes*. No, not apparel, a play. He and Channing Pollock wrote it in a week. He has written good plays, bad plays, and indifferent plays. *The Bat*—he wrote it with Mary Roberts Rinehart—was a good one. *The Demi-Virgin*, for which he was arrested, is an indifferent one. Some of them that never got to New York were lost in the tall grass and amid the sticks. It's safe enough to say that they were bad ones. Avery says so himself. He says he'll stand by the public even though it doesn't always stand by him. His adage is "The public knows."

The play that introduced him as a really clever young dramatist was *Seven Days*. The play that is most talked about and for which he will be remembered is *The Gold Diggers*. A pretty girl who goes to occasional first nights with him gave him the idea and the title. A pretty girl that looks like a chiffon scarf, Kay Laurel. She introduced him to her pal. They saluted each other as Gold Diggers.

No, Kay doesn't get any of the royalties. She doesn't want any. He said, "Thank you," and takes her to a première now and then and talks psychology to her.

He had four plays on Broadway at one time. In that and other respects he is like Clyde Fitch. Both wrote of the lighter side of life. Clyde was a bachelor; so is Avery. Mr. Hopwood is forty-two, near the age at which Fitch died. But Mr. Fitch was lavish in his expenditures and Mr. Hopwood isn't. While he was draw-

ing royalties at \$56,000 a week, he left a hotel East of Fifth Avenue because it was "too expensive." Persons who are piqued with him call him a "stinge."

He was a newspaper man before he became a playwright, and a University of Michigan alumnus before that. He came to New York some fifteen years ago, knowing no one and with empty pockets. His introduction to Broadway was an article he wrote for the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

He is quiet, likeable, and always gets his own way. Never by noise or bluster—unlike many playwrights, he's a gentleman—but by holding on. A mild mannered, blonde bulldog.

## XVI.—MORRIS GEST

DO you see the man with the wide concavity of pale face, and a surplus of rumpled brown hair? That's Morris Gest.

"Morrie" always looks tired and as though he had dressed in a hurry. Looks like a grub that hadn't yet reached the butterfly stage. He wouldn't go anywhere, but to see his own productions of Russian art, if it were not for his wife. Mrs. Gest was Renée Belasco, you know. Yes, the great David's daughter. The striking brunette who looks as though she might have escaped from a harem and lost her veil in her flight is Renée Belasco Gest. Mrs. Gest dresses her type better than any woman I know. Morris says he fell in love with her because she was so different. Renée fell in love with him because he was Russian. Russian and the Russians were her fad. It has been a lasting fad. They live very peacefully in a little house they've bought in the East Fifties. It is the house which David Belasco visits oftener than any other in New York.

Morrie likes to relate the story of being thrown out of the Belasco offices three times for asking for the great manager's daughter in marriage. But he won her just the same. That's Morrie's way.

He has an enormous reverence for his gifted father-in-law. He was so in awe of him that he used to forget to talk while in his presence. He says he is still in awe of him. Mr. Belasco has softened since those Gest eviction days. He helped his son-in-law produce *The Wanderer*. He has given his aid in other productions.

Do you know that Morrie Gest used to be a ticket speculator in front of Hammerstein's Victoria? I bought tickets from him to see the cow and the chickens at the back of the roof and the performers on the vaudeville stage in front. A vehement young person, he was, full of views and loud expression of them.



He had been a little immigrant. Landed from the steerage in Boston, I have heard. At all events, he sold newspapers on the streets in Boston and used to sleep on the roof of a theatre because the pennies he made from selling newspapers didn't cover the high cost of a room.

Oscar Hammerstein fancied him and sent him to Europe to find and bring back some new attractions. Morrie brought a fake Carmencita, but she "got by." So did he.

The managerial bee began buzzing in his straw hat. He went to the Shubert Brothers with a proposition. They told him Ray Comstock had been to them with one like it.

"You boys had better get together," quoth Lee.

They did, and have been more or less together ever since. Ray is as quiet as Morrie isn't, except when his father-in-law is about. Morris Gest is like a hive of bees that swarms day and night. The abounding noise and the incessant restlessness are an expression of his energy.

He is a dreamer. But the most alive dreamer I ever knew.

## XVII.—ELSIE FERGUSON

AH, Elsie Ferguson! Thought she was playing. I wonder why she doesn't tackle Juliet? That's her husband with her.

Elsie has a beautiful double curved mouth, a world of natural style, the most devoted husband on Manhattan, and the finest edged temper in America.

Well, call it nerves. I don't care. But whatever it is, it makes life a mattress of thorns in the motion picture studios where she fulfills her contracts. Stories of scenes, not in the 'script, come, too, out of the vocal theatre. Elsie doesn't deny those scenes. She says she is going to practice Couéism, or at least self-control. No, I'm not spoofing. She confided it to my confidential friends, who—well, you know.

She is a self-made woman. Wonder why we hear so much about self-made men and so little about self-manufactured women? She was first a chorus girl on tour for forty weeks of one-night stands. Fancy that! When she was fourteen. She had

(Continued on page 72)



## HENRY MILLER

(Below)

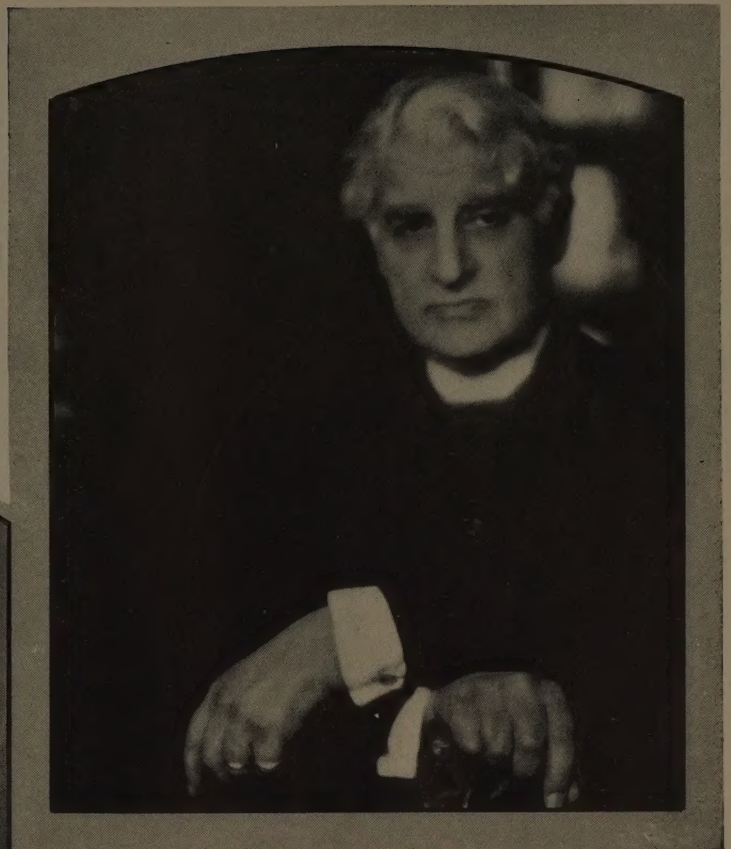
Who, in addition to his marked capacities as actor, has attained distinction as a presenter and actual producer of plays. He shares with David Belasco the repute of being one of America's finest directors and one into whose hands it is the fond hope of every young artist to fall. He is about to present, direct, and play the title rôle in *Pasteur*, the play which "made the Guitrys famous."

MacDonald



## WINTHROP AMES

(Below) Still noted as having been the manager and director of the splendid repertory productions at the New Theatre (now the Century). Owner of the fine Booth Theatre and the directing producer there and elsewhere of occasional productions—recently and notably, *Will Shakespeare*.



## DAVID BELASCO

Murray

The most famous figure in managerial fields. A master of the meticulous in direction, he has brought himself to a position without peer as a success-maker. To be under his aegis is the actor's daily prayer. He has recently crowned his career with a fabulously sumptuous production of *The Merchant of Venice*.



## BROCK PEMBERTON

(Below) A searcher and idealist who launched from newspaperdom to successful production by the popularity of his *Enter Madame* with Gilda Varesi; has since done many fine things in the theatre—most recently and bravely *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.



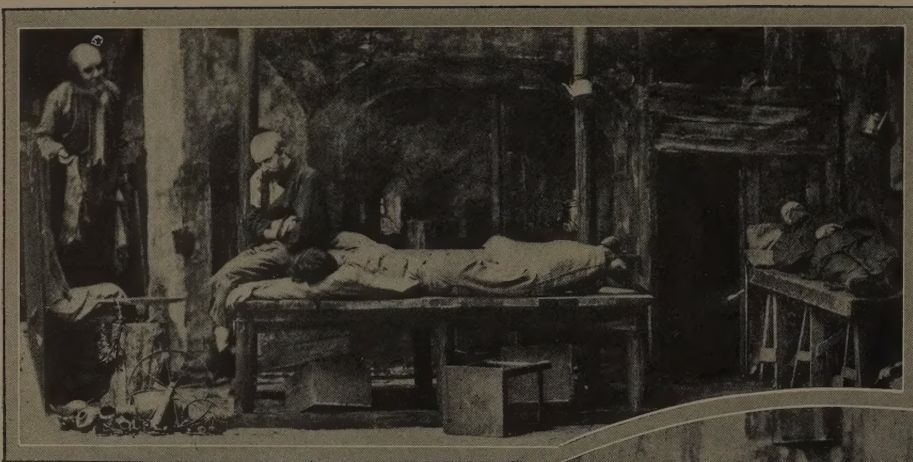
## GILBERT MILLER

The son of Henry Miller, whose brief but picturesque career has seen him grow from a penniless vagabond in London to one of its most successful manager-directors, and who now comes back to his native land as chief of the great House of Frohman. He is America's only international producer.

## DISTINGUISHED MANAGER-DIRECTORS

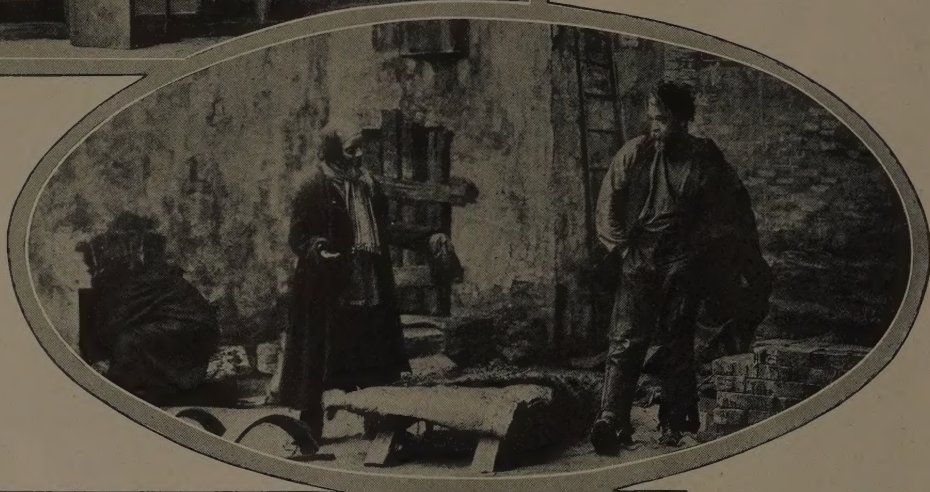
*Five Figures of Importance in the Producing World Who Function in Dual Roles*





In the squalor and dirt of a Muscovite lodging for beggars, thieves and the impoverished, dwells a strange and shifting assortment of human chaff. On the centre table sits the Baron (*Vassily Katchaloff*) bemoaning the fate of one who has fallen from the grace of having "coffee in bed—with cream." The fidelity of the setting, as well as that of the costumes, is guaranteed by their coming directly from the actual *locale* of Gorki's play.

The Pilgrim (*Ivan Moskvín*), a cheerful, sweet-souled sort of wanderer, who comes upon this nest of regenades and poverty, chides Satine (*Constantine Stanislavsky*) for holding an especially bitter and fatalistic philosophy.



(At left) One of those ensemble scenes for which The Art Theatre is famous. A murder has taken place in the alley leading to the lodging, and the police, as well as people of the neighborhood, have been attracted to the scene of the crime. For perfection of type and artistry of interpretation in even the most minute of parts the "mob scenes" of Stanislavsky's playhouse are without their parallel in the world.

Another group scene—the murder done, the criminals sent away, the lodging resumes its heedless drunken gaieties and life moves on as before in an endless current of brawl, chatter, piteous philosophies, fatalities and death. The Shoemaker (*Lyoff Bulgakoff*) dances and sings while The Tartar (*Alexander Vishnevsky*) his injured hand aching, complains vainly of the noise.



## THE NEW PLAY

*The Moscow Art Theatre Reaches Realistic Heights with Gorki's "Lower Depths"*



# Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



## The Moscow Art Theatre

AT present writing I have witnessed four performances in as many plays by the finest acting unit I have ever seen in this country or abroad. It is incredible that holding the mirror up to nature might ever be done with more of what approaches divine art than as is done by the large company of Russian actors and actresses who have made their long way across Europe to the broad confines and everlasting glory of the show house named after the minstrel, Jolson. Here is acting in its greatest expression, an outcome of the simple ingredients of sincerity, work and self-effacement moulded into form by a policy of direction that permitted nature to be its guide and that followed standards as consistently wise as they have been true and effective. Theirs is the creed that feeling is more important than pose, thought more effective than gesture. And on that creed they have established themselves as the paramount dramatic artists of the world. That New York, its artists and its public, has been permitted to watch this organization in active operation is at once something of a marvel and very much of a boon.

The arrangement of the company's repertory for New York presentation was cannily effected. The eye was first wooed by the gorgeous splendor of Count Alexei Tolstoi's *Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch* and then by the equally effective squalor of Gorki's *Lower Depths*. Emotional effect on other senses than sight was thus achieved somewhat subtly and prepared Broadway for its somewhat amazing and whole-hearted acceptance of the actionless and philosophical dramaturgy of the two Tchekovian masterpieces, *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Three Sisters*. A greater tribute to acting cannot be conceived than the reverent devotion New York is justifiably paying to these artists who are so mutely

eloquent. Theirs is acting at its most real and most earnest. The characters of Tchekov, so utterly dreary in their translated page, come to miraculous life at the hands of Constantin Stanislavsky and his associate players. It is a spectacle for the native actor to attend and observe and for the theatre-lover to attend and enjoy as he has never enjoyed the theatre before. The bar of the alien tongue means nothing in this instance. Before the first act is half over one's consciousness seems to be absorbing every

handkerchief in his cuff while enacting the part of a safe-cracker because "his public" wishes to see him, not so much as the character, but as himself, is unknown to the Stanislavsky creed of "soak yourself in your part, live it intensely, forget your audience and let your language, your gestures, your every movement interpret, not you nor your personality, but your rôle."

The Moscow Art Theatre artists listen. When they are not actually speaking their every reaction is inwardly and on the surface the one most natural in consequence of the situation being unfolded. When Katchaloff, as the Baron, weeps in a fit of rage, he dries his eyes, not at once and in centre-stage, but later on when he is at one side and at a time when the average actor would count the gesture as lost, not realizing that being done so utterly naturally the touch gains double strength. I have not seen a part played anything but perfectly in all of the first four productions. The smallest bit is obviously given an

attention equal to that of our usual "lead." The walk of a servant who merely opens a door is made a gem of verisimilitude. The ensembles or "mob scenes" are triumphs of intelligent detail and individual artistry at every point. The cries off stage, the calls, the shrieks, the music—all carry the mark of life and carry home to the brain and heart as being true and therefore tremendously important and affecting. If, in the matter of lighting and settings, the company suffers visible shortcomings we must ascribe the defects, in good charity, not to a want of talent in the matter but to the comparative poverty—as against Broadway standards—the company has endured these past years.

Only the years may tell what this organization will leave as its heritage to the body and form of our native stage. It is incredible

### Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

**CHAUVE-SOURIS:** The gayest, most competent band of vaudeville artists New York has ever seen.

**LOYALTIES:** A fine drama of English life played well by Englishmen.

**MOSCOW ART THEATRE:** The greatest group of actors in the world in an inspiring repertory.

**RAIN:** A corking melodrama that haunts the memory and proves we have some actors.

**ROMEO AND JULIET:** A romantic and colorful production with Jane Cowl a lovely and competent heroine.

**R. U. R.:** A Czecho-Slavic thriller with men-machines as its villains. Produced in Theatre Guild style.

slight meaning of every line. One literally hangs on the very words that spoken otherwise would seem but gibberish. Here is the universal language.

The secret of the Moscow Art Theatre's perfection seems to lie primarily in its abnegation of personality to the betterment of the whole. The artist who plays the Tsar in *Fyodor* one night may and does play the clerk in *The Cherry Orchard* the next. The actress who "comes on" in the cathedral scene of *Fyodor* may be seen a few days later in the leading feminine rôle of *The Lower Depths*. Here only is art and service. Such a thing as the publicity department of an important manager in New York which is under instruction to furnish only portraits of his stars to the press is unknown to the Stanislavsky system. Such a thing as an actor's wearing a



to believe that so eminent an example of the merits of sincerity and painstaking devotion to the theatre's task can pass from us without having given the artists of tomorrow a new and higher sense of their function and their rôle to come. If personality exploitation has been made to appear as it is, vulgar and stupid, in the face of the inevitably greater accomplishment of the group, then will the Moscow players have done no little toward placing the American actor on a new plane of intelligence and artistic position.

### Jitta's Atonement

A play by Siegfried Trebitsch, adapted by George Bernard Shaw and produced at the Comedy Theatre by Lee Shubert on January 17, with the following cast:

Mrs. Billiter, Phoebe Coyne; Professor Bruno Haldenstedt, John Craig; Jitta Lenkheim, Bertha Kalich; Professor Alfred Lenkheim, Francis Byrne; Dr. Ernest Fessler, Walton Butterfield; Agnes Haldenstedt, Thais Lawton; Edith, Beth Elliott.

ONE is moved to wonder whether it was vengeance or gratitude on Shaw's part which moved him to transplant into his native tongue this drama from the German pen of the man who is, more than anyone, accountable for the Teutonic versions of the Shavian *opera*. It might well be either or both, for a more dreary and verbose piece of sex-dramatics has rarely come out of Germany. That Mr. Shaw, himself, realized this to be true is made manifest in the last ten minutes of the piece when the hot tragedy of the original 'script is discarded and replaced by some relieving shafts of satirical humor that poke fun not only at what has gone before but also at the audience that has endured it.

The play deals with the wife of one scientist who deceives him with another and more eminent scientist. The latter dies suddenly during a rendezvous with her, but not before he has made her promise to cause the book he has just finished to be published under her husband's name. She extracts consent to this from her husband even though he discovers her infidelity, and they agree to hide the scandal from the view of the world.

Mme. Bertha Kalich as the self-conscious wife who insists she has not loved adequately but who, with a practical view of things, keeps quiet just the same, lends a quantity of gloomy melodramatics to the rôle. She is neither natural nor at ease for a

moment, and is, of course, quite bewildered by the sudden comic turn Mr. Shaw has mischievously and ruinously inserted in the Trebitsch drama.

### Dagmar

A drama by Ferencz Herczeg, adapted by Louis K. Anspacher, produced at the Selwyn Theatre by the Selwyns on January 22, with the following cast:

Countess Dagmar, Nazimova; Masha, Pola Verina; Karola, Sophie Wilds; Viscount Stanley Lytton, Gilbert Emery; Captain Rioni, Donald Call; Count Egon Holl, Frederick Perry; Andre Belisar, Charles Bryant; Claire Annersley, Greta Cooper; An Usher, Myra Brooks.

ANOTHER sex extravaganza, the story of a bad, bad, woman who can't help being bad and who begs her lover to kill her when she gets that way. *Dagmar* is full of murder, dark doings and blatant, cheap melodrama. It is a long cry for that striking and often competent actress, Alla Nazimova, who first won New York as an Ibsenian heroine to be now wailing the tawdry lines of this latest offering by an adapter who once wrote a very good play of his own. The movies must be held to account as usual. Only an experience in Hollywood—on the lots and off them—could possibly have permitted Mme. Nazimova and her actor-manager-husband, Charles Bryant, to believe that *Dagmar* was either life or drama.

### Romeo and Juliet

Produced by the Selwyns on January 24, at the Henry Miller Theatre, with the following cast:

Samson, Bailey Hick; Gregory, Frank Davis; Abram, Edward Broadley; Balthasar, Richard Bowler; Benvolio, Vernon Kelso; Tybalt, Louis Hector; Capulet, Gordon Burby; Lady Capulet, Grace Hampton; Montague, Lionel Hogarth; Lady Montague, Lalive Brownell; Escalus, John Crawley; Romeo, Rollo Peters; Paris, John Parrish; Peter, Milton Pope; Nurse to Juliet, Jessie Ralph; Juliet, Jane Cowl; Mercutio, Dennis King; An Old Man, Neil Quinlan; Friar Laurence, Robert Ayrton; An Apothecary, John Crawley.

I WISH the space were mine to accord ample comment to this second Juliet of the season—this one vivid and beautiful in a setting as youthful, romantic and moving as one could wish. Miss Cowl shines resplendently—her virtues being especially those which prove the folly of an older woman's essaying the part unless

equipped with the mimetic genius of a Siddons. If at times, notably in the potion scene, her delivery seems declamatory and unnatural, one must ascribe the excess to that very immaturity we cry for in the rôle. Suffice to say, that the Cowl Juliet is the loveliest in many years, wholly bewitching and almost constantly genuine. The Romeo of Rollo Peters is less felicitous—he fails the picture and the pace, depending for effect on a deliberation of delivery and gesture that wants both passion and movement. Of the supporting cast, the Nurse of Jessie Ralph and the Mercutio of Dennis King stand out as notably fine.

The direction of Frank Reicher has succeeded in making a rare love story and a fine play out of *Romeo and Juliet*. Mr. Peters' scenery is more happy than his Romeo though here, too, have we deliberation and often self-consciousness. The waits are intolerable between all of the fourteen or so scenes, the use of hangings is at times desperately tiresome, and obviously electric candles in both the chamber and the tomb scenes utterly ridiculous.

### Rose Briar

A new comedy by Booth Tarkington produced at the Empire Theatre by Charles Frohman, Inc., on December 25, with the following cast:

Rose Briar, Billie Burke; Paradee, Allan Dinehart; Valentine, Frank Conroy; Mrs. Valentine, Julia Hoyt; Little, Richie Ling; Creelous, Paul Doucet; Miss Nicely, Florence O'Denishawn; Miss Sheppard, Ethel Remy; Monsieur Prologue, Georges Renavent.

A COMEDY of tawdry conception and banal situation reflecting credit on no one identified with it is this latest vehicle unbelievably created for the winsome Billie Burke by one of the most expert of American dialogists, Booth Tarkington. A more machine-made and witless piece would be hard to imagine coming from the same pen that wrote that brilliant play, *Clarence*. Distinctly, Mr. Tarkington was under strain for ideas and humor when he ground out *Rose Briar*, and Billie Burke and her husband, Flo Ziegfeld, at their wit's end for a 'script when they deemed this silly story of a virtuous cabaret singer who is employed to entice a faithful husband away from his dull wife, competent material to entertain audiences at the Empire.

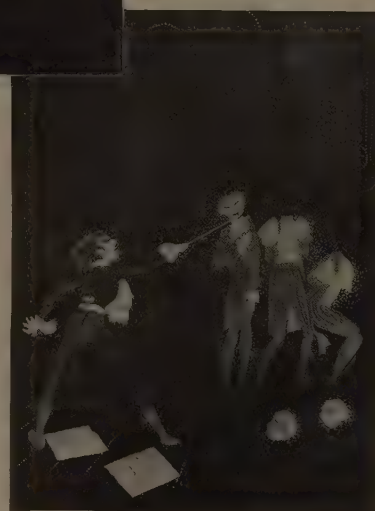
The play has been laboriously and painstakingly prepared for its metro-





In forty-two scenes is the strange tale of the half-mad composer, Johannes Kreisler, unfolded—thanks to the inventive ingenuity of a Dane who patented devices whereby several stages can be used on one and rapid changes thereby facilitated. The story of Kreisler's love is three-fold. Thrice does his inspiration, Undine, appear to him, each time differently, and thrice is he thwarted in his hopeless passion.

Above is Kreisler's nightmare of the whipping of his Undine—which, waking, proves to be her receiving communion from a priest who is Kreisler's enemy. At the left, Kreisler finds his Undine in the rôle of Donna Anna, an opera singer, only to have her die in his arms. At the right, the distorted imagery of Kreisler makes him believe he is cutting off the heads of his foes with his baton. The sketches are by John Held, Jr.



## THE NEW PLAY

*"Johannes Kreisler"—An Ingenious Nightmare in Forty-two Scenes*





(Above) The trial scene done in regal splendor à la Belasco. The Duke in the judge's ermine at the right (A. E. Anson) sits surrounded by as venerable Venetians and as dignified as realism might wish for. The moment is that in which Portia (Mary Servoss) calls to the attention of the vengeful, leering Shylock (David Warfield) that he must spill no single drop of the fair Antonio's blood.



Pictures  
by  
White



(To the left) Mr. Warfield at the fine moment of "I am a Jew! . . ."  
(In the circle) Miss Servoss as the young lawyer, Balthazar by name. (To the right) A passage of friendly greeting on the Rialto between Antonio (at left, Ian MacLaren) and Bassanio (Philip Merivale)



## THE NEW PLAY

*David Warfield Seen in a Sumptuous Belasco "Merchant of Venice"*



politan viewing by Mr. Ziegfeld himself and a score of assistants. But not all King Gilbert Miller's horses nor all his capable men could put together this weak-kneed Tarkington egg.

Miss Burke becomes increasingly lovely with the years. Here, indeed, is captivating material going to waste. Her supporting cast in this instance rattled around like so many dried peas in a pod. Alan Dinehart, cast for the first time in years as a gentleman, wore a blue shirt with a violent red tie.

### The Clinging Vine

A new comedy with music, book by Zelda Sears, music by Harold Levey, produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, by Henry W. Savage, on December 25, with the following in the cast:

Tessie, Irene Dunne; Plummer, Nathaniel Wagner; Billings, Royal Hallee; Titus M. Tutewiler, Charles Schofield; Bill, Christian Holtum; Smith, Bradford Hunt; Brown, Roy Marvin; Jones, William Rogers; Antoinette Allen, Peggy Wood; Mildred Mayo, Josephine Adair; Janet Milton, Eleanor Dawn; Francis Milton, James C. Marlowe.

IT is not often I am moved to say much about the new musical shows these days. The legitimate improves with mighty strides, but its alleged livelier sister remains as dusty as ever for the most part. *The Clinging Vine*, however, provides happy exception. Here is a piece with an intelligent book, some charming music and a capital cast. Above all, has it Peggy Wood, certainly one of the few genuinely interesting voices and personalities in the musical show world. It is the only good tinkle production since *Blossom Time* and I recommend it cordially.

### The Egotist

A new comedy by Ben Hecht produced at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, by Lee Shubert, on December 25, with the following cast:

Sally Jenkins, Maidel Turner; Mr. Smart, Gustav Bowhan; Manny Epstein, Jack Belgrave; Helen Tarbell, Maude Hanaford; Margaret Schmidt, Catherine Carter; Mr. Gorman, Earle Mitchell; Felix Tarbell, Leo Ditrichstein; Edward (Bud) Jenkins, Albert Morrison; Norma Ramon, Mary Duncan; Sing, Alexis Polianov; Toy, Young Lee; Virginia Hansen, Carlotta Irwin.

THE mere mention of Leo Ditrichstein being about to appear in another great lover rôle is sufficient to induce severe *mal de mer* in those who have for years watched this veteran artist entice the girlies with his suave

manners and his Viennese accent. The things are always the same and always pattern-cut and stupid. It is, therefore, something of a surprise and a joy to be able to report that this time, at least, Mr. Ditrichstein has been shrewd enough to wed his by no means inferior talent to a keen and observing playwright and, with a little luck, is still being seen in quite one of the gayest and best comedies of the season.

Felix Tarbell has been etched somewhat deliberately by Mr. Hecht as an intentional egotist and poseur. He lives for the sake of what effects he can create and finds his pleasure in their observation. He woos women to the boiling point and then has done before he himself is scorched. As a result of all which he is considered a hopeless adulterer by a faithful wife who finally, unable to stick it longer, goes her and does likewise. Tarbell's ego-centricity is marred by this sudden reverse in one garden which for years had brought him certain shade and solace. Stung by the pain of being, for once, the injured, rather than the injuring, he sees his life as a mockery and sham. But we are spared the conventional greater pain of reconciliation and reform. Mme. Tarbell goes, taking her real sin with her, leaving her husband to the dubious satisfaction of his imitations. Here is a great lover that lives and is real, seen in one of those cross sections that his creator, Mr. Hecht, one of the very ablest reporters in prose of the foibles of his fellows, has spun into an engaging and intelligent comedy.

Mr. Ditrichstein gives his traditional performance, which those who recall having seen him in *The Concert* will remember. He is interesting and foreign. He has color, poise and the absolute command of his audience's respect and attention—in all, a worthwhile, unique figure on the American stage that one is glad to see once again in a part after his heart and at the same time after his obvious intelligence.

### Polly Preferred

A new comedy by Guy Bolton, produced at the Little Theatre by Comstock and Gest, on January 11, with the following in the cast:

Jimmie, Beatrice Nichols; Polly Brown, Genevieve Tobin; Joe Rutherford, Thomas W. Ross; Bob Cooley, William Harrigan; Owen Kennedy, Charles Laite; Pierre Jones, William N. Bailey; Morris, Harold Waldrige; Crawford Boswell, Edward Van-Sloan.

HERE we have Mr. Bolton, wrestling desperately with a capital idea and bringing it to the mat for one round only to be himself floored the other two. *Polly Preferred* has the best comedy first act since *It Pays to Advertise*. It is rare, racy, imaginative and chuckle-filled. The play's decline into somewhat futile and incoherent melodrama in the two acts that follow seemed not only regrettable, but downright careless. Polly was either only half-boiled or much too well done when she showed herself at the Little Theatre. The quality of bubbly inspiration that animated the first act and made its promise of Bolton's best play perished on the vine of friendly hope.

The play opens with a scene in the Automat Restaurant which discloses a bounced and discouraged Polly. She feels that the stage is not for her. But, unexpectedly, renewed ambition appears in the person of a vigorous young enthusiast whose happy specialty is salesmanship and who sees in Polly an unusual opportunity to practice his trade. He promises to dress her up and make her so desirable that she will be turned into a famous movie star in less than a year. By delicate chicanery he involves the interest of several wealthy loungers in the lobby of the Biltmore Hotel in the beautiful young "Southerner" who is dying to enter the pictures, but whose severe old father will not consent to her doing so. He eventually leads them all into a combine which incorporates Polly and takes shares for its percentage of the profits. A snag in the shape of a man who knows Polly to be what she really is, a down and out chorus girl, is easily disposed of by our energetic friend and the ball is set rolling for the Coast and Fame.

The balance of the play, once Polly is seen established in her hoped-for position as star, deals cheaply and by no means according to the best current law, with the difficulties encountered by the hero in his effort to hold his share of stock in Polly. They have fallen in love and financial and amorous separation is forestalled by Polly through means as involved as they are obscure to the audience. Only a performance of charm and delicacy by Genevieve Tobin as the incorporated young beauty, saves the let-down from being more lamentable than it is. To promise so much and then abandon the enthusiasts out front is neither good form nor good business. Polly needed either a year's rest or a fresh viewpoint. She is a good girl gone wrong.



## Romeo and Juliet

Shakespeare's tragedy produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Longacre Theatre on December 27, with the following in the cast:

Balthasar, Howard Merling; Benvolio, Jerome Lawlor; Tybalt, Kenneth Hunter; Capulet, Harvey Hays; Lady Capulet, Lenore Chippendale; Montague, Frank Howson; Lady Montague, Alice John; Romeo, McKay Morris; Nurse, Charlotte Granville; Juliet, Ethel Barrymore; Mercutio, Basil Sydney; Friar Laurence, Russ Whytal.

I HAVE seldom been more depressed in a playhouse than at the exhibition Mr. Hopkins permitted Broadway to witness of a fine actress horribly miscast and misdirected in Shakespeare's immortal love drama. Miss Barrymore has her place in the American theatre and it is a big, important place. But fatuous and grotesquely exaggerated adulation of her work in *Rose Bernd* (which, as my readers may recall, I deemed dull and generally ill-advised) led her to essay another rôle of youth and love and passion even further removed from her technical and physical endowments. That she came a woeful cropper she can lay largely to the account of well-meaning critics and friends who suffer from a Barrymore self-hypnosis to such an extent as to believe Queen Ethel incapable of being anything but perfect in any part. I can only hope now—as in fact I did in a recent issue—that Miss Barrymore will carry her beauty and her gifts to the place which is rightly hers, the part of mature and aristocratic women in the field of modern high comedy.

Mr. Hopkins directed this greatest of romances through a mood of unspeakable grayness and impending trouble. The fact that the value of its tragedy lies in the contrast drawn by the playwright between the radiant spirit and joy of two youthful, irresponsible lovers and the terrible, unexpected doom it leads to so swiftly was quite ignored. The Hopkins *Romeo and Juliet* was all doom. Its settings and its lighting were doom. Its acting was doom. Miss Barrymore spoke in a bated, husky monotone. There was not a youthful, romantic or love-swept note in any speech or gesture that she gave. McKay Morris's Romeo was picturesque and handsome, but without warmth or feeling and shadowed always with hesitations and apprehensions of a strangely un-Italian nature. Other performances, apart from some fine reading by Basil Sydney as Mercutio, were nondescript.

## Will Shakespeare

A play by Clemence Dane produced by Winthrop Ames at the National Theatre on January 1, with the following in the cast:

Anne Hathaway, Winifred Lenihan; Will Shakespeare, Otto Kruger; Henslowe, John L. Shine; Queen Elizabeth, Haidee Wright; Mary Fitton, Katharine Cornell; Kit Marlowe, Alan Birmingham; Maid of Honor, Cornelia Otis Skinner.

VERSE of exceptional beauty and distinction enveloping a rather shallow and invented tale with Shakespeare as its hero is the sum total of this new importation from London. Miss Dane has given us *A Bill of Divorcement*, an infinitely better play than her present offering and yet, oddly enough, by no means presenting its author in so exceedingly important a light as this newer and more exalted creation.

Miss Dane goes to pains to inform her audiences that her biographical play is, in truth, not biographical at all, and that its tissue comes from the confines of her imagination. She need hardly have explained this to be so. Such scenes as the play presents could scarcely be taken seriously as pretending to introduce the truth. We are ready to believe that Will did not kill Christopher Marlowe and that good Queen Bess did not bother her good red head about this maker of popular shows to the extent she does in *Will Shakespeare*. Miss Dane's bard, especially as interpreted by Otto Kruger, is a poor stumbling fish of a man that does any woman's bidding and plunges rather self-consciously into the making of masterpieces not because he wants to, but because he must. Incidentally,—and this we take especial umbrage to—he is as humorless as last week's herring. All in all, the character is the best argument we have ever encountered to support the contention that Shakespeare did not write his plays!

But Miss Dane can write women into the breath of life. And Mr. Ames, always a notable caster (although, I believe, he fell down heavily in giving Will to Mr. Kruger), has put three admirable actresses into as many parts. That of Anne Hathaway, played by Winifred Lenihan, is a characterization that haunts the memory and must always remain side by side with one's mind-picture of that rambler-covered cottage on the outskirts of Stratford where the real Anne once lured her willing prey. Mary Fitton, the court lady and court bawd, is given magnetism and vital-

ity by that same Katharine Cornell who startled critical New York with her exceptional playing of the daughter in *A Bill of Divorcement*. And the third and most deserving of praise and attention is the Queen Elizabeth of Haidee Wright, who was brought from England after having played the part there. Here is a sterling piece of impersonation that ranks in authority and power with the Lincoln of Frank McGlynn, the Disraeli of George Arliss and the Pasteur of Lucien Guitry.

The settings by Norman Bel-Geddes held beauty—but it was a beauty somewhat chilled by the austere gray of every wall, whether cottage or palace, and the ceilingless heights to which every set reared.

## Tidings Brought to Mary

A mediaeval mystery by Paul Claudel produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre on December 25, with the following cast:

Violaine, Jeanne de Casalis; Pierre de Craon, Charles Francis; Mara, Mary Fowler; The Mother, Helen Westley; Anne Vercors, Stanley Howlett; Jacques Hury, Percy Waram; The Mayor of Chevroche, Harry Ashford; The Apprentice of Pierre de Craon, Philip Leigh.

THE beauty of M. Claudel's verse has been little realized in the translation of *L'Annonce Faite à Marie* by Louise Morgan Sill. Which leaves little else to *The Tidings Brought to Mary* than some exquisite groupings, lightings and costumes,—all in all, a feast served up not so much by the playwright as by the director, Theodore Komisarjevsky, and the scenic artist, Lee Simonson, both of whose work stands forth as being of unusual significance in this latest Guild production.

The play narrates in slow-moving mediaeval style the tale of Violaine who, turned leper by a kiss of compassion, later turns saint with the goodness of her forgiveness of those whose malice has cost her the man she loved. The beauty of its spiritual quality carries several moving moments and at all times, due to the manner of its treatment, commands reverent attention and interest. The production was perfect in every respect save in the vital one of casting players capable of reading lines with distinction and power. Nowhere as in a play of the sort do our shortcomings in the matter of stage direction

(Continued on page 56)





1. In an old-time circus as it ambles around England lives a gay and motley crew, whose life within the canvas walls of the tent is quite apart from that of the world outside. Into it comes a stranger, a young artist, penniless but talented, who is given a job as ticket taker.

2. It is not long before Martini, the young artist (*Leslie Howard*), finds his art stirred by the beauty of the Lady Cristilinda (*Fay Bainter*)—below—and not only does he fall in love with her, but also he paints her in the likeness of a Saint and in the manner of the early Italians.

3. But the artist's father learns his whereabouts and beseeches Cristilinda to force him to stay away from the circus. Although in love with Martini, she realizes how important it is for his art that he be provided for and so she writes she is the mistress of another.

4. But before the arrival of the father who separates them, Martini and Cristilinda sell their picture to a rogue named Iky-Mo (*Ferdinand Gottschalk*) who plans to palm it off as an antique. Iky-Mo swears them to secrecy.



6. The picture is now used as a chapel altar. When the secret of its origin escapes, the Lady Cristilinda—always true to her dear Martini's memory—implores those who know the truth to keep quiet for her sake.



5. Below—Years later—the ceremony at the Town Hall of Hammerpool when the forged portrait—thought, of course, to be real—is presented to the Lord Mayor and a local church by a nobleman who has paid £15,000 for it.



## THE NEW PLAY

"The Lady Cristilinda," a Fine Blending of the Reverential and the Humorous





GENGHIS-KHAN  
(Benda Mask)



OLD NURSE  
(Japanese Mask)



A LIAR  
(Japanese Mask)



THE BEAUTY  
(Benda Mask)

## The Dramatic Masks Return

*Neglected For Centuries The False Face Once More  
Becomes A Factor On The Stage*

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

WE have just crossed the threshold of the vogue of the mask rediscovered. After neglecting this most ancient and honorable "property" of the drama for centuries, our contemporary theatre of the West is bringing it back to life.

Like all new impulses which have the breath of vitality in them, the restoration of the mask has been spontaneous and casual, not academic or archaeological. It has returned as a practical and useful adjunct to the common, everyday stage of the people, on which it was first born at the dawn of esthetic civilization, not as a curiosity or a mere museum mummy.

And yet, now that the mask is here, there can be no harm in looking backward at some of its progenitors, even though its rebirth is not a case of mere imitation of those forebears. Nearest of them in point of time, since it persists today in unbroken succession from the past, is the mask of the Japanese Noh or Lyric Drama. It is this ancestor of the contemporary mask which I propose to consider in this article, in the hope of finding suggestions for the improvement of our own and the extension of its usefulness.

First, however, it will be well to sketch briefly the steps in the current rejuvenation

of the mask. Rediscovery in practice, as so often in human affairs, was preceded by rediscovery in spirit and in theory. When Gordon Craig began to plead for the return of the mask nearly two decades ago, the first voice was raised in its behalf.

It was a voice weighted with a passionate creative faith, not with the inquisitiveness of the antiquary. But for many years, despite Craig's persistent dialectic and persuasive pencil, the mask was destined to remain a thing of theory, of spirit, for it possessed nothing pertinent to the realistic theatre which was then in the ascendant to the exclusion of every other esthetic form.

With the development of the revolt against the realistic theatre, the mask began to come into its own. Meyerhold found it *à propos* to his highly formalized "theatre theatrical" in Petrograd which he developed first with Mme. Kommissarzhevskaya and later as *régisseur* of the Alexandrinsky Theatre. The

mask, he discovered, was particularly applicable to the lyric dramas of the late Alexander Blok, such as *The Little Show Booth* (*Balagantchik*) or *The Unknown Woman* (*Nyeznamomka*), plays which are concerned with the fantastic and sub-

conscious values of life rather than with its superficial aspects.

Simultaneously, the mask rode into favor in company with the marionette in several German cities. And not long after, it appeared in heroic mould as one of the most effective expedients which Percy MacKaye and his artists devised for interpreting *The Masque of St. Louis* to its vast audiences in Forest Park in 1914.

These, however, were rumors from afar or localized experiments. The general acceptance of the mask in this country as a practical tool of the theatre of today had to wait until the early autumn of 1920. A fortunate accident, whereby a producer of revues, John Murray Anderson, and a dancer in them, Margaret Severn, scented an intriguing decorative value in the playthings of an artist, Wladislaw T. Benda, served to open the eyes of the public to the long-lost uses of the mask. In *The Greenwich Village Follies of 1920*, therefore, the mask was reborn for the American audience.

BY strange irony, the artist who had built up his masks and moulded them out of thousands of pieces of paper just as pastime trinkets for the decoration of his studio, had never heard of Gordon Craig and was only vaguely aware of the venerable historic background of the mask. And by a still stranger irony, the public which knew even less of the theatre's past insisted on denominating Miss Severn's glorified false faces, not masks, but Benda-masks.

The rebirth of the mask in a popular revue, if only for adventitious purposes,



Mask  
by  
Benda

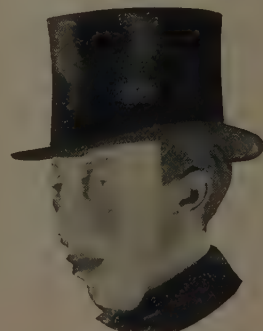
THE CIRCISSIAN



FARCE MASK  
(Japanese)



THE PEACOCK GIRL  
(Benda Mask featured in the  
*Greenwich Village Follies*)



FIFTH AVENUE PARADER  
(in *The Hairy Ape*)





A VILLAIN  
(Japanese)



JAPANESE GIRL  
(Benda Mask)



CHINESE GIRL  
(Benda Mask)



THE MISSING LINK  
(Alexander Hall mask)

served, however, to acquaint the contemporary audience with the genus and its function of hiding the personality of its wearer behind a symbolic exterior. Thus educated, the audience was not greatly startled at the masks in the Jones-Hopkins *Macbeth*, later in the same season, although other symbolic and expressionistic scenic expedients left them in a daze. In fact, there was a well-defined opinion that more masks rather than less would have intensified the desired impression. And when, a year ago, the Arden Galleries showed an exhibition of masks from savage Java, mediaeval Japan, and the aboriginal Indians down to the handiwork of Jones and Benda and Rosse of today, the attitude of those who attended betrayed a live and intelligent and creative interest. And finally, in O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape* this last season, the masks of the Sunday paraders on the Avenue, typifying "Yank" Smith's impression of them as lifeless and monotonously similar automatons who didn't "belong," aroused far less attention than other aspects of play and production.

That is as it should be. The mask—or anything else, for that matter—becomes really useful in the theatre only when it ceases to be a mere novelty. Proving its stamina by surviving its novitiate as a fad of the hour, it will have to stand on its actual merits henceforth as a valuable contributory factor in our contemporary playhouse. In other words, now that we have the mask restored to us, with its day in the headlines and the rotogravure sections finished, what are we going to do with it? What are its essential characteristics, its utilities, its range? And as an aid in answering these questions, what is its heritage?

The mask, as we have used it a long time for symbol of comedy and tragedy, is Greek in its origin. Just how it was used, its variations, etc., are largely matters of guesswork. For plentiful examples of old-time masks with vivid object lessons concerning their functions, we must turn to the Japanese Noh or Lyric Drama, preserved today in similar if not identical form to that which prevailed in the golden age of the arts in Nippon. The Noh masks are the nearest in time and the most profuse in evidence of the classic masks and we can learn more from them than from all the others.

THE Noh Drama, in which the mask is simply one of several important traditional "properties," is seldom as long as the shortest of our one-act plays, although the intricacy and ceremonial solemnity of the posture dance around which each play is built, prolongs it considerably in performance. Written in combined prose and verse around familiar legends, it makes frequent use of actual quotations from the poets. In origin, it is religious, thus resembling the Greek drama and that of medieval Europe. A still further link connects it with the Western theatre, in that its stage protrudes into the audience in very much the same way as did the Elizabethan platform.

In its full flower, the Noh was the product of the imagination of two men, Kwanami and his even more illustrious son, Seami. The dates of the two span a little more than a century—1333 to 1444 A.D.

In that time, the Noh crystallized out of various current forms of dance, recitation and ceremonial. Its stories are usually tragic, although not always. A favorite *motif* is the ghost of the protagonist, who returns to his old haunts as a priest or a traveller and surprises his loved ones or his enemies by revealing his true identity.

But of all these characteristics, some of which are peculiar to the Japanese stage while others present a curious parallel with the Western theatre, none is so distinctive as the principle of *yugen*, a philosophical term from Zen Buddhism, which signifies the hidden and the subtle rather than the obvious, the suggestion rather than the explanation, the spiritual rather than the realistic. Nothing assisted this glorification of the hint more eloquently than the mask. The epitome of the hint, deftly caught and shrewdly fixed in sculptured and lacquered wood—this is the Noh mask as it has been handed down through five hundred years.

It is not every participant who wears a mask in the Noh. It is limited to the principal actor and his attendants and even he does not invariably wear a mask unless he is playing the rôle of a young girl or an old man or woman. The mask, it will be seen, therefore, is not used heedlessly or by wholesale in the Noh. It serves a definite purpose on occasion—the purpose of select-

(Continued on page 56)



PIERROT MASK

(Made by Peter Mijer, noted for his batiks and costume designs)



BESTIALITY  
(Japanese)



A NOH MASK  
(Japanese)



WITCH MASK  
(In Hopkins' *Macbeth*)



DEMON OF SICKNESS  
(Japanese)





Portrait by Gerschel, Paris.

#### LUCIEN GUITRY as Pasteur

*The final cachet of greatness as an actor was placed upon Guityr père by his portrayal of the immortal French scientist in the unusual play written for him by Guityr fils. The enterprise not only made Guityr a household name in France, but also served to reconcile father and son after a long period of hostility. Lucien Guityr's make-up as Louis Pasteur is in itself a creation of genius, as is emphasized by the portrait of the scientist himself at the right. The play is soon to be seen in America with Henry Miller in the title role.*





# Sacha And The Guitrys

*Famous French Theatrical Family and Its Talented Son Whose Genius Transcends Them All*

By BARRETT H. CLARK

**M**ONSIEUR SACHA GUITRY" is a term of respect to be used only when you regard the man critically; in other words, when you don't care for him. It is very much like addressing one's young son as "Master" when he has been naughty. With Guitry it is a matter of all or nothing: he is either Sacha or M. Sacha Guitry, and to most of us he is Sacha, *tout simplement*.

Sacha is a son of Paris, though he made the mistake of being born in Petrograd. But Paris saw him grow up, Paris *saw him born*, as they say. It was there that he learned to play the pranks, both as actor and dramatist, that made him famous at an age when most American boys are studying Cæsar in high school. His entire career has developed in the presence of an audience and his education conducted in a house of glass. He is to this day a spoiled son of Paris and Lucien, for his father before him was one of those favorite actors that cities adopt and cherish for no better reason than that they seem to like to.

## CHILD OF THE THEATRE

**S**ACHA'S glass house is his theatre, and his theatre is his life. Not only does he enjoy being at home, he is never so happy as when everybody is looking at him. He dresses and undresses, makes love, laughs and cries, plays tricks and spins out his philosophy of life, and all the time beats the big drum in front of his door. The most interesting subject in the world to Sacha is Sacha, and if he permits you to watch him from day to day, he does it without the least trace of self-consciousness. He is as shameless as George Moore and, like the Irish artist, as well equipped to interest you in himself. His audacity would be offensive if it were even tinged with the affectation of the apologist; but it is not. Look at me, he says, this is what I think and do and feel, and if at times I am a snob and a cad, I have a sneaking suspicion that I am not an unique phenomenon.

Sacha is primarily a dramatist, but he considers no play complete unless he acts the principal part in it, manages the production, chooses the actors and directs the lighting. Unfortunately, he is unable to act all the parts, but he does his best to bring in as many Guitrys as possible: his wife, Yvonne Printemps, and his father, Lucien.

There was a time when Lucien, his father, was the whole show; it was he, you may remember, who created most of the Bernstein leads and the rôle of Chantecler; now he modestly takes his place in the Firm of Sacha after years of estrangement terminated by the creation of the rôle of *Pasteur* by Sacha, for his father. Yvonne Printemps is by no means a great actress,

but under the guidance of her husband, undergoing as she is forced to do, the subtle Guitry influence, you unconsciously attribute to her the most exceptional talents.

With a theatre of his own, with trained actors and a skillful staff, what does Sacha accomplish? What are his plays, and what is his contribution to the drama in general? I have already said that Sacha writes himself, acts himself, explains and exhibits himself. Well, so does every writer, but with Sacha it is different: his plays are not, strictly speaking, autobiographical, they are the expression of the mood of the moment.

An autobiography presupposes reflection after the fact, *La Petite Hollande*, *Faisons un revel* and *Jacqueline* are autobiography in the making. I say "autobiography," but whether or not these plays are actually slices out of the dramatist's life, they are his intimate thoughts and dreams, and therefore the truest sort of autobiography. The method is what matters, and the method is so intimate and unaffected, that the result leaves you gasping: you want to turn aside as from a spectacle that is not intended for your eyes.

Sacha never allows you to escape the feeling that you are peeking through the keyhole, and strangely enough he never seems aware that you are peeking. The man's self-preoccupation is amazing.

Now that Sacha is a famous man and, perhaps on the point of opening a New York season, it amuses me to think of him as he was when I first heard of him. That was in 1909, during my student years in Paris. Sacha was just twenty-four. He was Lucien's *enfant terrible*, a charming young man with some talent for the theatre, a promising beginner. The greybeards, the Masters of the Contemporary Stage, to whom I was devoting a good deal of space in a book I contemplated writing, told me that he was a naughty boy, that his plays were "not representative," that he was, indeed, not worth writing about. He ought really to follow in his father's footsteps and leave playwriting to those who understood the *métier*—that was the consensus of critical opinion. There were at that time twenty dramatists of established reputation, but Sacha was too trivial, too young to be included among their number.

## HIS RANK AS DRAMATIST

**T**ODAY I am tempted to dogmatize and declare that Sacha is the most talented living French dramatist. This is true, but the statement sounds too much like the result of a definitely critical formula, and somehow any attempt to "place" Sacha seems wrong. Compare him with— but why compare him? To put him on a pedestal is the first step in the direction of the Academy. Once there, who knows? he might come to America to lecture on

the Moral Value of the Theatre. Every Frenchman is at bottom a philosopher and a moralist, and even Sacha might succumb to the national failing.

Underlying all his plays there is a philosophy. A detestable word, but I hasten to add that nowhere is the philosophy offensive and I need not prove that the purpose of the plays is never very earnest. Sacha is content to perform for your amusement a number of pretty little adventures about himself. He asks no more than that you enter the spirit of the game, accepting him as a starting-point. During the course of these entertainments he sometimes skirts the edge of a "thesis" or leaps the gaping chasm of a "purpose." He is at his worst like the driver who turns to you after you miss a log in the road and whispers, "We just missed that." Brieux, of course, would stop ten yards in front of the obstacle, take you by the hand, and examine it: you would never return to the car. Sacha keeps on going.

## GENESIS OF A PLAY

**H**IS mind is so full of ideas and dramatic situations that he can't rest; there is no recess for him. A new play often goes into rehearsal while two others are enjoying a successful run. I can imagine him sitting in his dressing-room between the acts some evening, communing with himself in somewhat the following way:

"The house seems to like the new play. The company's in fine shape. That little girl who's playing M— is remarkably clever. And then there's father. *Tenez*, here's a situation: suppose the girl had no talent at all and happened to be in love with the leading actor—with me, for instance? She insists on acting. I'd have to choose between her and my art. 'Loved I not acting more?'—Let me see. No, it must be an old established actor, whose art is everything to him. Just the part for father! The girl is flattered by the old man's attentions. *He* will symbolize the Theatre and all it means; I'll have a chance to talk about acting and plays and dramatists and audiences. No plot to speak of, half a dozen characters with the actor as lead."

And he goes home after the last act. "I work," he once said, "from the moment I leave the theatre till four or five in the morning." The simple plot quickly shapes itself round the half dozen characters, and in a few weeks the play is finished.

If *Le Comédien* was not conceived and executed in precisely this way, my imaginary genesis is at least essentially accurate. The play as we have it, at any rate, is a reality. Like the more elaborate and more historically detached *Deburau*, this play is a tribute to the actor's art.

(Continued on page 58)





LADY DIANA MANNERS as QUEEN ELIZABETH

*England's most famous society beauty in the title role of "The Virgin Queen," a forthcoming historical film made abroad by J. Stuart Blackton. The scenes were taken in and about Beaulieu Abbey, an ancient monastery built by Cistercian monks in 1204. Playing opposite the fair Diana will be seen Carlyle Blackwell, an American film favorite who has not been heard from for some time.*



# The Mystery Man of the Stage

*Interesting Close-Up of a Famous Magician Who Indulges Other Tastes Than Feats of Strength*

By BURR C. COOK

IN a small, brown-stone house, on a secluded by-street in upper Gotham, lives one of the most unique and remarkable figures of the American stage—a man whose peculiar gifts and uncanny faculties have never been satisfactorily explained, and who, by common consent, is today known the world over as the “master of mystery.” It is not given to every public entertainer to be made into an active verb, or to earn for himself a paragraph in the dictionary, yet this honor has been accorded to Harry Houdini, the famous handcuff king. In the 1920 edition of the Funk and Wagnall’s dictionary we find this terse and eloquent testimony to the performer’s astonishing powers:

“HOUDINI, HARRY (1874) American mysticist, wizard and expert in extrication and self-release. HOUDINIZE, vt.—to release or extricate oneself from (confinement, bonds, or the like) as by wriggling out.”

For over a quarter of a century—from Maine to California, from London to Moscow—Harry Houdini has astonished and thrilled the world by the apparent ease with which he overcomes seemingly insuperable physical difficulties. Padlocked and nailed into a packing case, he has been lowered into the depths of the sea, to appear at the surface, free and unmanacled, in less than two minutes. In 1907 he was riveted into a large, hot water boiler by the employees of the Marine Boiler Works, of Toledo, Ohio, and escaped without so much as leaving a trace of his exit. Detailed descriptions of these and other marvelous feats would fill several volumes. To the general public, Houdini is known as a strong man, illusionist, possessed with some weird, natural or supernatural force.

Yet, there is another Houdini. Beneath the professional mask of the strong man, the wizard, is a striking personality that only a few intimates know. To these privileged few Houdini is the art connoisseur, student of the occult, writer, and owner of the fourth largest dramatic library in the world—the others being, in order of importance, those of Harvard University, Henry E. Huntington, and the British Museum.

## THE WIZARD AT HOME

OUR visit to the home of the wizard was made with the expectation of being greeted by a ponderous athlete with bulging muscles and ushered into a gymnasium full of weights, horizontal bars, and handcuffs. Instead, we were met by a mild little man of rather less than medium stature, broad, slavonic visage, and keen, penetrating eyes. Under the loose smoking-jacket, as he motioned us into his study—a room filled to the ceiling with books and papers, and evidently in constant

use—his figure seemed almost slight. Later, when the conversation turned to the secret of his unusual powers, we were to have some idea of the man’s immense physical strength. But now, as he sat back in his swivel chair, fingering over the pages of a treatise on the spiritualism of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—with whom he has made several psychic experiments—Houdini looked more the scholar than the athlete.

Summing up his observations on spiritualism with the remark that, while still open-minded in the matter, he was far

plished scholar, the quiet, unassuming connoisseur of fine bindings and literary values! The contrast was bewildering.

One book in particular, which Mr. Houdini exhibited with considerable pride, was Scott’s *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, a volume published in the year 1584 and revealing many of the sleight-of-hand tricks used on the stage today. Shortly after it was issued, nearly all available copies were burned by order of James the First.

Then he showed me a set of Dryden’s heroic dramas, illumined with the quaint page decorations of the 17th Century and containing an autographed copy of the “*Annus Mirabilis*” (1666) which brought Dryden the poet laureateship of England. Beside it was a *Life of Edmund Kean* by Hawkins, a very rare book. Pasted in the front was one of the original posters, about eight inches square—in diminutive contrast to our present-day “bills”—announcing Kean’s first appearance in London in *The Merchant of Venice*, at the Drury Lane Theatre, Jan. 26, 1814. The book recounts that Kean was in the habit of placing in his mouth rose madder which, in his violent death scenes—aided by the ability to distend the veins of his neck and throat—looked like real blood issuing from the actor’s mouth. So realistic was the effect that many in the audience fainted during such portrayals.

Followed a rare copy of *The Memoirs of the Life of Theophilus Keene* by Richard Savage, the beloved “drunken poet,” friend of Dr. Johnson, and dramatist of the early eighteenth century. This book has had an adventurous career, changing hands numerous times in the past hundred years, from Charles Mathews to J. Payne Collier, Collier to Augustin Daly, and from the Daly sale to Mr. Houdini. Wendell, the collector, is said to have paid \$196 for a copy of the same work. The Houdini volume includes a valuable bookplate of Charles Mathews. Beside this volume were two royal quarto inlaid editions of John Philip Kemble’s *Retirement From the Stage*, Genest’s *History of the English Stage* published in 1832, and a first edition of the *Memoirs of T. Shepherd Munden*, four volumes, every page inlaid, and containing many autographed bills and letters.

## OTHER CURIOUS BOOKS

A COMPLETE survey of the many rarities in Houdini’s collection would merit a volume of its own. One section, devoted to the Magic of the Hindoos, early Chinese and Egyptians, was an engrossing study in itself, showing the growth of the fundamental principles of the art of legerdemain

(Continued on page 60)



HARRY HOUDINI

Strong man and wizard who has another side to his personality that only a few intimates know.

from convinced of its significance, we passed into a long, rectangular room, the entire walls of which were lined with books—books on every conceivable phase of the theatre. Here were rare volumes rebound by Cox in the richest of ingrained leathers, complete sets in their original bindings which he had picked up in London, Paris, and other cities on the continent, odd copies of long out-of-print works, *David Garrick’s Original Diary*, written in the bold, scrawling hand of that famous actor, revealing the daily humor and problems of his life.

As Houdini talked, and he talked learnedly and well, I could not help thinking of the figure of a man in tights, standing on a vaudeville stage, bound with chains and padlocks, wrenching himself free of his bonds and bowing to the wild applause of the audience. Yet this was the same man who stood beside me, the accom-



# The Fool

A Play in Four Acts by Channing Pollock

*IN this play the author of "The Sign on the Door" and a dozen other Broadway hits essays a more serious vein—his theme the ever present conflict between capital and labor, and his protagonist a clergyman who surrenders all the luxuries and privileges of his class to lead a Christ-like life. There is nothing new in the play which is highly theatrical, yet its elemental truths make a strong appeal and much to the surprise of the managers, who had little faith in it, the piece has taken its place among the big-moneymakers of the season. The following condensation is printed here through the courtesy of the Messrs. Selwyn. Copyright 1922, Channing Pollock.*

## THE CAST

(As produced by the Selwyns at the Times Square Theatre, Oct. 23, 1922.)

Mrs. Henry Gilliam	Maude Truax
"Dilly" Gilliam	Margaret Sumner
Mrs. Thornbury	Edith Shayne
Mr. Barnaby	George Wright
Mrs. Tice	Lillian Kemble
"Jerry" Goodkind	Hugh Huntley
Rev. Everett Wadham	Arthur Elliot
Clare Jewett	Alberta Burton
George F. Goodkind	Henry Stephenson
"Charlie" Benfield	Robert Cummings
Daniel Gilchrist	James Kirkwood
A Poor Man	Frank Sylvester
A Servant	Bratton Kennedy
Max Stedman	Geoffrey Stein
Joe Hennig	Rollo Lloyd
Umanski	Fredrik Voegelin
"Grubby"	Arthur Elliott
Mack	Frank Sylvester
Mary Margaret	Sara Sothen
Pearl Hennig	Adrienne Morrison
Miss Levinson	Wanda Laurence

Act I. In a fashionable New York church. The time is half past three in the afternoon of the day before Christmas. A tree is being dressed, its expensive ornaments littering the floor with tissue paper and tinsel. Daffodil Gilliam, a "flapper," wise and witty, cynical and confident, wordly and material beyond her elders, is perched on a ladder near the tree. Her mother, fat, rich and self-satisfied, bustles about unpacking gifts. Leila Thornbury, a costly divorcee, with something feverish in her face, eyes and movements, assists.

MRS. GILLIAM: Dilly! Pull down your skirt!  
DILLY: I can't! That's all there is; there isn't any more!

MRS. THORNBURY: (Holding up two dolls): What are we going to do with these?

MRS. GILLIAM: (Despairingly surveying the profusion) Goodness knows!

MRS. THORNBURY: I've two engagements before dinner, and I've got to go home and undress for the opera.

DILLY: I gave up a dance for this.

MRS. GILLIAM: A dance at this hour?

DILLY: People dance at any hour, mother.

MRS. GILLIAM: But you all waste your time so dreadfully. I'm busy, too, but my life is given to the service of others.

DILLY: What could be sweeter?

MRS. GILLIAM: Dilly! Nobody knows better than you that I've never had a selfish thought!

Mr. Gilliam—

DILLY: Of the Gilliam Groceries, Inc.

MRS. GILLIAM: Mr. Gilliam says I'm far too good!

MRS. THORNBURY: We agree with him, Mrs. Gilliam.

MRS. GILLIAM: Only yesterday I gave five hundred pounds of coffee and sugar to the Salvation Army!

DILLY: And today father jumped the price of sugar to thirty-two cents!

MRS. THORNBURY: Now—Dilly!

MRS. GILLIAM: (With rising emotion) One gets precious little reward . . . I can tell you! I sent helpful thoughts from the Bible to all of Mr. Gilliam's employees! Now they're on

strike, and the man that got "Be Content With Your Wages" is leading the strikers!—Where's the Star of Bethlehem? (To conceal her agitation she has turned to the box.)

DILLY: It doesn't work, mother.

MRS. THORNBURY: Are those your husband's men—on the front steps?

MRS. GILLIAM: Oh, no! Those are people from the sweat shops! They're starving, I

by which they warm themselves. Dr. Wadham, the pastor, a pleasant and plausible person, believing implicitly in himself, having had no experience with life and never having been uncomfortable, enters. He has been away for ten days, attending a conference on the proper use of eucharistic candles, a subject on which he "feels rather strongly," and in his absence the curate, Daniel Gilchrist, has taken the pulpit. Gilchrist's fiancée, Clare Jewett, is wrapping parcels in the next room. The conversation at the chancel turns on Gilchrist and his tendency towards radical sermons. The wealthy supporters are objecting to the clergyman.

MRS. TICE: My husband wanted me to have a little talk with you about his check. (She pauses for encouragement, finding what she has been told to say a trifle difficult.) You know, he promised five thousand dollars to beautify the parlor of the Parish House.

DR. WADHAM: (Foreseeing trouble) Oh, yes.  
MRS. TICE: And since then—well, frankly, Doctor, John was very much upset about last Sunday's sermon. Mr. Gilchrist preached from the text about the rich man entering the Kingdom of Heaven.

DR. WADHAM: Always a trifle dangerous.

MRS. TICE: Yes, and last Sunday it seemed as if he were directing all his remarks at John. We're in the first pew, you know, and John says he doesn't like to complain, but there's getting to be altogether too much of this—Bolshevism. John says the preachers are more than half to blame for the present social unrest. I heard the sermon, and I agree with John that some of it was positively insulting!

The rector decides to have a talk with Daniel. Clare Jewett enters from an adjoining room. She is a pretty young woman, in spite of a certain hardness, and she is simply dressed. Clare finds herself alone with Jerry Goodkind, who proposes marriage. She retorts that she is engaged to Daniel Gilchrist.

JERRY: Do you know that your young trouble-hunter has given away nearly one-tenth of his capital in three months?

CLARE: No, and I don't believe it!

JERRY: All right, ask my father! The old man has his money in trust! Gilchrist won't touch his income from Gilliam Groceries, because they're profiteering, and he's preaching such anarchy that both wardens are coming this afternoon to complain to Dr. Wadham. I don't want you to throw yourself away on a raving bug!

CLARE: And your advice is—

JERRY: Marry me. I'm a nice fellow, too—and I can give you what you really care about. You're over your ears in debt, without any



White

DANIEL: "But in this day—in this practical world—can any man follow the Master?"

hear, and Mr. Gilliam says it serves them right! (Bringing forth a small case) What's the matter with the Star of Bethlehem?

DILLY: Oh, the usual! Whoever heard of the lights working on a Christmas tree?

MRS. GILLIAM: But this must work. Mrs. Tice had it made to order—of Parisian diamonds. It cost \$300.

DILLY: (Reaching for the gew gaw) All right! It's better than nothing. (She takes it, and starts to ascend.) Hold the ladder, mother! It wiggles!

They are joined by Mrs. Tice, beneath whose "air of authority" there is something cowed, Jerry Goodkind, a sleek, well-groomed "kiddy," and Mr. Barnaby, the servile sexton. They complain of the 'dirty foreigners' who block the sidewalk. Mr. Barnaby explains that they huddle there because of the furnace grating

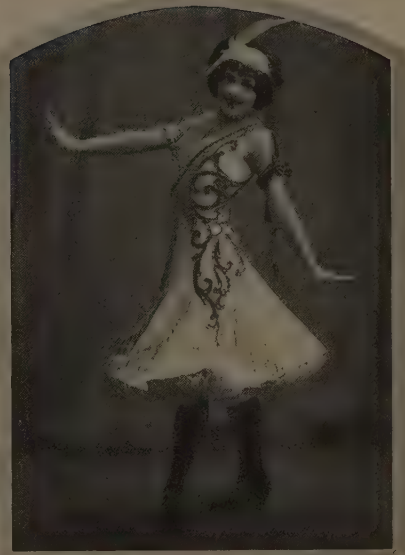




As Juliet in a French production of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* at the Théâtre des Celestins in 1911.



In oval above, Irene as a schoolgirl in Paris at the age of seven.



In a revue at the smart little home of Parisian wit, the Théâtre des Capucines in 1910.



Below, a venture into American vaudeville—singing *La Marseillaise* at the Palace Theatre in 1918.

At the left, in the popular English musical comedy, *As You Were*, in 1920.

Below, a distinguished figure in the American legitimate theatre. In *A French Doll*, a lively comedy, in 1922.



In Paris—a demure chorine.

Motif by Lyman Brown



## BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—No. 6 IRENE BORDONI

Miss Bordoni is distinctly a product of Paris and, as such, has come to endear herself in a certain type of rôle to the American public. Long—from her very earliest days—in the chorus of such Parisian playhouses as the Folies Bergères and the Ba-Ta-Clan and then in the cast of several legitimate productions, she was brought to New York by the Shuberts in 1912 for a Winter Garden revue called *Broadway to Paris*. Liking America, Miss Bordoni has made it her permanent home and married a native, Ray Goetz. She has evolved from revues through musical comedies to straight comedy such as *A French Doll*.



chance of paying up or cutting down. And you are, shall we say, twenty-nine in October? I know what it cost you when your father died, and you had to come down a peg. You don't want to keep on—coming down, *do you?*

CLARE: You haven't said one word of love.

JERRY: I've said: "What's the use of bluffing?" I'm no movie hero—and no crazy dreamer. I'm a little shop-worn, perhaps—maybe a little soiled—but I'm sane, and I'm solvent. You're good-looking, smart and a lady. You'll help my standing and I'll help your credit. For the rest—we needn't bother each other too much . . . What do you say?

CLARE: I say it's—*revoltingly*—sordid!

The chief supporters of the church call upon Dr. Wadham. They are Jerry's father, George Goodkind, sixty years old, a man who enjoys comfort now, because he has, in his vast experience with life, been very uncomfortable. He does what he considers his duty by his family, his community and his God, and feels that all three should appreciate it. Charlie Benfield is fifty and a "rough diamond." He is self-made, proud of it, though nothing really good, nothing of education or refinement has gone into the making. He is arrogant, domineering, used to having his own way.

BENFIELD: We've been discussing long enough! All I got to say now is: Gilchrist leaves this church or I do!

DR. WADHAM: Isn't that a little mandatory?

BENFIELD: I don't know what it is, but it goes! I've worked hard all my life, and now this fellow gets up and tells me what I've worked for is nothing, and that I'm nothing, and all my ideas is wrong!

DR. WADHAM: He didn't say that.

BENFIELD: Oh, yes, he did—last Sunday and every Sunday! I've got two million dollars tied up in Black River mines, and I'm not paying to have the socialist papers down there print that my own minister is in favor of strikes!

GOODKIND: Wait a minute, Charlie! That's not the tone to take to Dr. Wadham! We all feel that Gilchrist has gone too far, and we're agreed—

BENFIELD: Does he preach tomorrow?

GOODKIND: We're agreed that if he insists on preaching about the strike—

BENFIELD: He goes?

GOODKIND: He goes.

BENFIELD: All right. And if he don't insist?

GOODKIND: He stays.

BENFIELD: And I go!

(*He gets his hat and returns. DANIEL GILCHRIST enters L.*) You can decide which of us is the most valuable to your church! Because I tell you again—and straight—this church ain't big enough for Gilchrist and me!

DANIEL: (*Smiling*) A church that isn't big enough for two little men, Mr. Benfield, must be somewhat crowded for God!

DR. WADHAM: (*To Daniel when they are alone*) When you're as old as I am, Daniel, you'll understand that being honest doesn't necessarily mean being disagreeable.

DANIEL: Doesn't it mean—telling the truth?

DR. WADHAM: Do you know the truth, Daniel?

DANIEL: Yes, don't you? Doesn't every man—in his heart? And if we want to keep it in our hearts, and never think about it or look it in the face, shouldn't someone, pray, open the door and cry: "Behold!" . . . I didn't tell them anything they didn't know, Doctor.

I don't *know* anything they don't know. I just reminded them—

DR. WADHAM: (*Exploding on the last word*) That we were heathen!

DANIEL: That we were Christians, and every man our brother, and that we were sitting, overdressed and overfed, in a Christian church, while our brother froze and starved—outside—in a Christian world!

DR. WADHAM: There is physical peace—peace that came with the end of this cruel war!

DANIEL: There is no peace! There is only fear—and hate—and vanity—and lust, and envy, and greed—of men and nations! There are only people preying on one another, and a hungry horde at the very doors of your church! My text will be: "And Peter followed afar off"—

DR. WADHAM: I don't understand.

DANIEL: (*Into his tone, hitherto indignantly human, comes something mystic—something divine*) We all follow—afar off.

DR. WADHAM: Follow whom?



White  
Daniel Gilchrist tells his little housekeeper, Mary Margaret, a parable of Faith.

DANIEL: Christ.

DR. WADHAM: (*Alarmed, not at the words, but at that "something divine"*) Daniel—my dear fellow!

DANIEL: Don't worry. I'm quite sane. Only—I've been wondering about that for a long time.

DR. WADHAM: Wondering?

DANIEL: What would happen if anybody really tried to live like Christ?

DR. WADHAM: (*Shaking his head*) It can't be done.

DANIEL: Isn't it worth trying? Men risk their lives—every day—in experiments far less worth while. We've had centuries of "fear, and hate, and greed"—and where have they brought us? Why not try love?

DR. WADHAM: How can you make them try?

DANIEL: By showing that it would work.

DR. WADHAM: It won't work, Daniel. It's a beautiful ideal, but it won't work. Times have changed, and things are different. Life isn't as simple as it was two thousand years ago. The trouble with you, Daniel, is that you're not practical.

DANIEL: I wonder.

DR. WADHAM: Very well! Preach your Christmas sermon, and afterwards—

DANIEL: Yes?

DR. WADHAM: I think you may find a greater field of usefulness elsewhere. (*A long pause. The men look at each other and then DANIEL turns away to conceal his emotion. He goes up for his hat, and returns.*) I'm sorry, Daniel, I know you've been very happy in your work here. I know how failure hurts. But you saw it coming and you wouldn't turn aside.

DANIEL: (*He looks up with flashing eyes*) The man who turns away from his vision—lies! (*Shakes hands*) It's all right, Doctor.

Clare returns, and on questioning Daniel about giving up his fortune, discovers that his ideas are going to interfere with her own luxurious tastes and that marriage with him will mean even more straightened circumstances than she has been enduring since her father's death. She breaks the engagement, returns to Daniel the betrothal ring, and leaves him. The church is quite dark, except for a light streaming from the open door through which she has passed. Daniel stands with the ring in his hand before the chancel. Organ music shatters the silence and from behind him Daniel hears the sound of someone moving. He calls, "Who's there?" The voice of a Poor Man, to whom Daniel had given his overcoat the day before, answers.

POOR MAN: Perhaps I can help you, too.

DANIEL: In what way?

POOR MAN: In my way.

DANIEL: I was so sure of what I wanted to do, and now I begin to wonder if it can be done!

POOR MAN: It has been done.

DANIEL: But in this day—in this practical world—can any man follow the Master?

POOR MAN: Why not? Is this day different from any other? Was the world never practical before? Is this the first time of conflict between flesh and spirit? If it could be done then, why not now, and if it was ever worth doing, why not now?

DANIEL: "Take no thought of the morrow . . . Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor . . . Love thy neighbor as thyself . . . Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." But if a man did those things today people would think him mad!

POOR MAN: What does it matter?

DANIEL: The Master tried, and they crucified Him!

POOR MAN: Did they? And if they did, what does that matter? Is a man dead whose ideal lives? "Ye crucified me, but I am with ye always, even unto the end of the world!"

DANIEL: In God's name, who are you?

POOR MAN: I am a Jew.

As he speaks, slowly the tree and everything beneath it is illuminated by the Star of Bethlehem. The light, dim at first, grows stronger and stronger, its rays revealing a sanctuary and picking out the points of the cross on the altar. Where the POOR MAN stood is nothing. DANIEL gives a cry, and as he does so the light is extinguished and the music from the organ swells. Amidst black darkness DANIEL stands in the flood of music as the curtain falls.



HAIDEE WRIGHT

(Right) An Englishwoman, member of an old acting family headed by the author-manager Fred Wright, has created an Elizabeth in Clemence Dane's *Will Shakespeare*, which, for wit, finesse and queenliness, will go long without an equal. She came first to America to act in Forbes-Robertson's *Passing of the Third Floor Back* and played later with Ethel Barrymore in *Tante*.



White

MARY FOWLER

(Below) Vivid Mara, in the Theatre Guild production of Claudel's *Tidings Brought to Mary*, is a New Yorker with a short but creditable record on the stage. She has played opposite Margaret Anglin in *Iphigenia* and *The Woman of Bronze*, in *Androcles and the Lion*, and latest, as the secretary in *La Tendresse*.



White

MARGARET LAWRENCE

(Above) The young Quaker star of *Secrets*, who slips deftly through rôles of any age—sixteen to sixty-five—began as Peter Pan in stock. She established herself as a comedienne with metropolitan audiences a few years back in the wife of *Tea for Three*; since then have followed leading rôles in *Lawful Larceny*, *Overnight*, *Wedding Bells* and *The Endless Chain*.



White

LOWELL SHERMAN

(Left) One of the most convincing villains on Broadway, now playing Baron Tolento in *The Masked Woman*, for which he left the rôle of the dissolute son in *The Fool*. Before this he had a significant part in the success of such plays as *The Knife*, *The Heritage*, *Lawful Larceny*, *The Sign on the Door* and *The Woman in Room 13*.

HITS OF THE MONTH

Four Fine New Performances Keep the Dramatic Ball Rolling



Act II. Ten months later in George F. Goodkind's library. The room is luxurious, with priceless ornaments from Venetian palaces and Roman galleries. A dinner party has been progressing in the next room. Goodkind, in evening clothes, enters with a card in his hand. Benfield follows.

BENFIELD: (*Reading the card handed him*) "Labor conciliators." (*Throws the card on the table*) What the h—!"

GOODKIND: What are labor conciliators? Mostly thugs. When you've been director in a coal mining company a little longer you'll know. We've got a million dollars worth of 'em handling this strike.

BENFIELD: Police duty?

GOODKIND: No, spies and agents provocateur. I hate the breed, but what are you going to do about it? This fellow, Max Stedman, got into the union five or six years ago, and now he's one of the delegation they've sent up to me . . . Where's Jerry?

BENFIELD: I gave him the high sign.

GOODKIND: Smoke?

BENFIELD: Thanks. Why didn't you go down to West Virginia?

GOODKIND: What do I know about coal mining?

BENFIELD: You're president of the company.

GOODKIND: Yes, but that means digging up money—not coal. I've never set foot in West Virginia in my life, and I don't want to! I sent Jerry. Jerry has a dozen qualifications and no scruples. And I sent Gilchrist.

BENFIELD: Who has scruples and no qualifications.

GOODKIND: Thus striking a balance. I mean that! Don't make any mistake about Gilchrist. He's a valuable man. I didn't hire him because I was sorry he got fired out of church . . . and only a little because I knew his father. I hired him because he had theories, and I wanted to try 'em out!

BENFIELD: I'll say he's got theories!

GOODKIND: Yes, and the remarkable part of it is . . . sometimes they work. They worked up at that power plant. A year ago I wouldn't have taken it as a gift. Gilchrist applied a little soft soap—

JERRY: (*Entering*) I told you what he was doing at the mines. Now he wires you, "Everything settled if you accede to rational conditions," and up comes this delegation! What are the conditions? I'll tell you now—surrender! You're crazy if you see these workmen! We've nothing to discuss! They're our mines, and we'll run them as we like! If this philanthropist of yours carries out instructions we've got 'em whipped! What was the idea of the high sign?

MAX STEDTMAN, with the face of a ferret and the furtiveness of a rat, arrives.

GOODKIND: Who's in this delegation?

STEDTMAN: I'm chairman. We got a Pole called Umanski.

GOODKIND: (*Writes*) Umanski.

STEDTMAN: He's a radical. You can't do anything with him but there's a fellow named Joe Hennig . . .

GOODKIND: Who'll listen to reason?

STEDTMAN: He's got a pretty wife.

GOODKIND: What has that to do with it?

STEDTMAN: Lots. Pretty wives like pretty things. Hennig's in debt, and this girl's on his neck every minute. She's a peach. You know her, Mr. Jerry!

JERRY: No.

STEDTMAN: Pearl Hennig?

JERRY: No.

STEDTMAN: Oh! I thought I saw you talking to her onct. Anyhow, Gilchrist knows her . . . well.

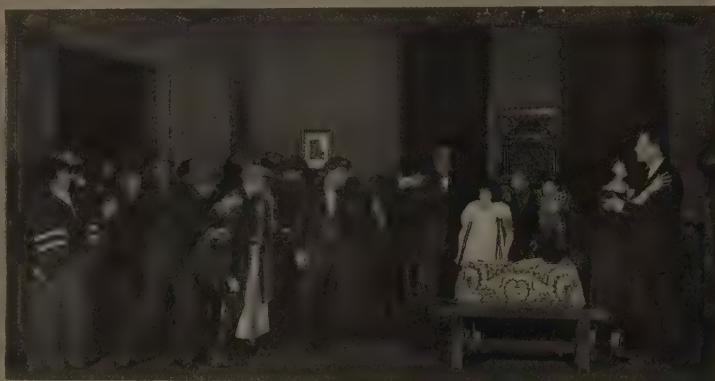
BENFIELD: You mean . . .

STEDTMAN: I mean I wouldn't mention Gilchrist to Joe Hennig. (*Benfield whistles*).

GOODKIND: That's rot!

STEDTMAN: Anyhow, Hennig and me are two votes, and I figure Hennig's'll cost about . . . (*He looks at them narrowly*) fifteen thousand dollars. (*All three show surprise*.)

Stedman tries to convince them that Gilchrist



White

The Mob bursts upon Daniel and Pearl Hennig whom he has tried to help.

has double-crossed them in the negotiations. STEDTMAN: Well, he's gone around talkin' compromise. Compromise ain't no way to settle a strike. Givin' 'em confidence. Why, we got a couple o' hundred representatives among the workmen tellin' 'em they got no chance. We got special police clubbin' 'em every time they try to hold a meeting. You wouldn't believe what we done down there in the way of harmony!

The rest of the committee arrives. UMANSKI is a giant Pole or Russian. Whatever flesh he ever had has been starved off. He is all bone and brawn. In his face is something strangely like poetry . . . something born of silence and suffering. HENNIG is 45, a grouser, who blusters emptily, an echo. UMANSKI speaks, in a voice as unemotional as its owner is stolid: I work twelve hours—every day—thirty years—got nothing.

JERRY: Nobody asked you to take the job! Nobody asked you to come over here! You're not an American!

UMANSKI: I was American.

JERRY: (*Sneers*) When?

UMANSKI: When I fight in the war. (*A short pause*.)

GOODKIND: What do you want?

UMANSKI: I wanna chance to learn! I wanna chance to live! I wanna chance to see . . . sun!

JERRY: What'dya mean—son?

UMANSKI: God's sun. I never see him. Got to mines—him not up. Work in mines—him not see. Go home—him gone. Got baby five years ago. Never see him. Go to mines . . . him got up. Come back . . . him sleep. Go home one day . . . him gone.

GOODKIND: Dead?

UMANSKI: My wife say: "Good! Not such many to feed!"

(*JERRY takes out his cigarette case*).

UMANSKI: That little box—what you pay for him? (*JERRY turns front, not deigning to answer*) Ah, I know—gold. You pay more for him than I got for swing pick thirty years. Me and six families—we live in one house you own. We got one room upstairs; two down cellar. Sleep there. Eat—cook—wash upstairs. See nothing but brick yard, and clothes hang up to dry. Wife—she carry water from yard. Me—I carry potato peeling out front. Him rot. If I don't like that, I quit—and starve! JERRY: You want to live on Fifth Avenue!

UMANSKI: If I don't like, other man's will. Other man's take my job. I got little girl twenty years old. Awful nice little girl. Got gold hair. Got blue eyes. Her take sick. She sorry she's sick. She wanna go church. She ask me: "Pop, buy me new dress for church. Buy me pretty pink dress." Where I get him? We hire doctor once, and he say: "Air, sunshine, milk—eggs!" Where I get air, sunshine, milk, eggs? Got no job. My little girl, she cough and cough and one night she die. I tell you we got right to quit. We got right to hang together. We got right to fight—to live—and, by God,

we gonna fight—we gonna live—we gonna— . . . By God!

Dilly Gilliam, following a pause in the music in the next room and the polite pattering of hands, has burst into the room laughing. She has gold hair, she has blue eyes and she has a new dress. It is even "a pretty pink dress" and its owner wears jewels worth the ransom of a dozen Umanskis. Umanski looks at her, and covering his face with his hands, drops into a chair.

JERRY: You'll have to wait, Dilly.

DILLY: (*Retiring*) Yes . . . certainly . . . I'm so sorry!

The meeting adjourns. Later in the evening DANIEL GILCHRIST arrives with his paper of agreement. He finds Clare (now Mrs. Goodkind, Jr.) alone in the library. She asks if he is happy and he replies in assent. Jerry enters, semi-intoxicated, and the conversation reveals the fact that he left Gilchrist at the mines earlier than he has indicated to Clare and has been on mysterious business of his own in the meantime. Hennig and the spy,

(*Continued on page 52*)





Portrait by George M. Kessler

VALESKA SURATT

*An Arch-Favorite of the Revue World Who is Soon to be Seen in the Legitimate*



# THE SCREEN

## CLAYTON HAMILTON'S PAGE OF MOTION-PICTURE COMMENT AND REVIEW

A YEAR and a half ago, it seemed as if the public was growing tired of motion pictures; and, as studio after studio was temporarily shut down, some of the actors, authors, and directors who idly walked the streets of Hollywood began to wonder if this enormous plaything of the public might be destined to be tossed aside as swiftly and astonishingly as the bicycle. In the eighteen-nineties, the bicycle was an essential adjunct of our daily lives and the bicycle industry was one of the biggest and strongest in the country; yet, though bicycles were at that time numbered by the millions, they were suddenly swept out of fashion by the invention of the automobile, which afforded a more efficient and more pleasing means of locomotion. In this present age of radio-invention, it no longer seems fantastic to prophesy that, within the next ten years, we may be able to sit comfortably at home and not only hear but also see events of great importance that are actually happening half the world away. If only a part of this prophecy should be fulfilled, the motion picture, as at present utilized would no longer lure people out of their homes to witness a counterfeit presentment of life, which, in the majority of instances, is less enthralling than a faithful reproduction of actual events.

### DEMAND FOR SOMETHING NEW

AT any rate, it is already evident that the motion picture cannot afford to be too sure of maintaining its present-day position as the most widespread and most effective medium of popular entertainment. It cannot possibly retain its empery by merely standing still and complacently adopting the doctrine of letting well enough alone. It must improve itself constantly, both on the scientific and on the artistic side. During the historic slump in attendance which descended like an avalanche upon the industry a year and a half ago, most of the members of that public which stayed away in droves from the motion picture theatres explained their drastic change of habit by saying that, nearly always, when they had spent their time and money to see a new picture, they discovered, to their disappointment, that they had already seen the same sort of picture many times before. Obviously, something new was instantly demanded to stimulate a jaded appetite; and this emphatic need for novelty might have been momentarily satisfied either by some striking mechanical improvement in the motion picture as a medium for telling tales or else by an improvement in the subject-matter of the stories that were released for the entertainment of the public.

Along both of these lines, commendable ameliorations have been achieved and registered within the last year, and a really dangerous revolt of the motion picture public against the current exhibitions on

the screen appears to have been, temporarily at least, arrested. Fewer and better stories are now being told; and they are being handled more intelligently and more dramatically. But the most obvious advances that have been made in motion pictures within the last year or two have been registered on the scientific, instead of the artistic, side: the medium itself has been improved more rapidly than the subject-matter which this medium is still accustomed to transmit.

### TELEVIEW PICTURES

UPON the heels of the successful solution, by the Technicolor Process, of the scientific problem of taking and screening motion pictures in natural colors, we are now invited to envisage the equally successful solution of another scientific problem—the problem of stereoscopic cinematography. The ordinary motion picture, like the painting or the still photograph, represents life in only two dimensions—height and breadth; but, by an application of the stereoscopic principle, it is now possible to endow the screen with the illusion of the third dimension, that of depth.

Experiments to solve this problem have long been under way, and the results of two distinct processes have recently been exhibited in New York; but by far the more impressive of these two is the process invented by Lawrens Hammond and put forth under the patented trade-name of "Teleview." To launch this new invention, the Selwyn Theatre was taken for a term of several weeks and every seat in the house was equipped with the electrical contrivance that is necessary for the production of the desired illusion. Though this apparatus is extremely simple, its installation must demand so many miles of insulated wiring that one may readily figure that millions of dollars would be required to equip only the first-run motion picture houses throughout the country with Teleview discs at every seat—to be used or not to be used, as the occasion warranted; but since the motion picture industry, ever since its earliest days, has been accustomed and required to think in millions, perhaps this evident item of expense may not militate against the propagation of the Teleview.

### WHAT THE INVENTION IS

SINCE the Teleview has, thus far, been exhibited only at the Selwyn Theatre in New York, a brief description of this new invention may be of interest to motion picture patrons in other parts of the country. In effect, it gives to motion pictures the same illusion of depth—no more impressive and no less—that was given to still photographs by the old-fashioned stereoscope,



which was a familiar household toy in the decade of the eighteen-nineties. At times, however, since the picture which is being looked at is moving instead of still, illusions which are positively startling are evoked—as when an actor, rushing forward, seems to dash entirely out of the screen and to hover bodily, in three dimensions, over the very heads of the spectators seated in front of the observer.

Scientifically, Mr. Hammond's invention is almost astonishingly simple. In "shooting" scenes, a special camera is used which has two lenses, placed side by side, a few inches apart, and corresponding to the right eye and the left eye of a natural observer. Two films are thereby simultaneously taken, which record the scene from the point of view of the right eye and the left. When these two films are run off simultaneously on the projection machine, the overlapping of the two pictures on the screen appears, to the natural eye, to be inexact—every figure being blurred by a double outline. This effect may be described most easily by saying that the objects represented on the screen look precisely as natural objects would look to a person suffering from that particular stage of drunkenness which paralyzes the natural stereoscopic adjustment of the right and left eyes and thereby produces the illusion of seeing double.

### THE TELEVIEW INSTRUMENT

THIS distortion is corrected by the employment of the Teleview instrument, which is attached to every seat in the theatre. This instrument is also astonishingly simple. The spectator is asked merely to look at the screen through a window of ordinary plateglass which can conveniently be set to hold itself steadily before his eyes; but this window is played over by a revolving disc—operated by a small electric motor—which disc is so designed that, in infinitesimal fractions of a second, it blots out alternately the vision from the right eye, and the vision from the left eye, of the spectator. There is no scientific reason why this corrective instrument might not be abandoned by an observer endowed with a superlative ability to wink his eyes alternately, many times within the passage of a second, so that his right eye would never see what his left eye was looking at.

A different process, known by the trade-name of "Kelley's Plasticon Pictures," and  
(Continued on page 70)





(Top) *All the Brothers Were Valiant*—Metro's South Sea picture, with Billie Dove and Lon Chaney.

(Left) Lon Chaney and Shannon Day in the same picture.

(Right) *Gypsy Passion*, starring Desdemona Mazza and the English composer-actor, Ivor Novello.

(Below) Reginald Barker's company for *Hearts Aflame*, including Frank Keenan, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Lee Shumway.



# "ON LOCATION" WITH THE PICTURE PLAYERS

*Official and Unofficial Glimpses of Stars and Companies in the New Films*



## High Lights in the Month's Operatic and Concert Events

Conducted by KATHARINE LANE SPAETH

(We are pleased to announce that Katharine Lane Spaeth, music critic of the EVENING MAIL, has consented to assume charge of this department until Mr. Robert Nathan is able to take hold.—The Editors.)

ONCE there was a beautiful prima donna, whose best man friend was telling her a few plain facts. "I dislike your fawning friends," he said, plaintively. The lovely lady yawned, and then she giggled. Yes, even opera singers do that. "I beg your pardon," she apologized for the giggle, "but all I could think of just now was *The Afternoon of a Faun*."

And a good many modern composers thought of that and of Debussy with all his imitators, when the International Composers' Guild gave its first concert in December. The purpose of the Guild is to be a clearing-house for composers who have not been able to get their compositions sung or played. Merit is not everything, as everybody who ever wrote a song, or a sonata, knows well.

Music must be heard. A usual way to make a song popular is to get Werrenrath or McCormack to sing it. There are rumors that Charles Marshall, who wrote *I Hear You Calling Me*, made quite a little money out of it. It is not a stupendous song, but McCormack sang it for the phonograph. He used it as an encore for years after his audiences tried to do the falsetto ending along with him.

Certainly the composer of *Duna* must have been fairly pleased with her royalty checks, which occurred after the resonant baritone of Werrenrath had been eloquent about the little sands of *Duna* that called him home.

*Tes Yeux* seems to be the only song that Rene Rabey ever put over. It exactly suits the vibrant voice of Rafaelo Diaz, and he is probably increasing its sale by singing it whenever it is demanded—which is just about every time the young tenor from Texas appears in public or private concerts.

### LIVING COMPOSERS' OPPORTUNITY

SO the International Composers' Guild was organized to give only living composers a chance. Deems Taylor wrote of the initial hearing that the audience "was equally divided between the cheerers and the jeerers."

People did laugh during the two minutes that Carl Ruggles' excerpt from his suite, *Men and Angels* was played. This excruciating dab of dissonance was performed

by six muted trumpets whose players smiled into their instruments.

Nobody was really keen about Dane Rudhyar's two piano pieces, although he is the winner of the \$1,000 prize presented annually in Los Angeles by W. A. Clark, Jr. More encouraging was the sonata for violin and piano by Arthur Honegger, of Paris. This was beautifully played by Gustave Tinlot, and while it is of the vagrant, loitering type of music, there was evidence that the composer had something to say.

But the Guild has the right idea. It is sincere and its activities give America an opportunity, the only one it has, of hearing

*Meditation* was played, and over her mobile face rippled the thoughts of the courtesan who sees repentance and isn't sure but that it is a good thing—if one could get to like it.

### A LUXURIOUS THAIS

PERHAPS Jeritza's face is too dainty for that. In the vast spaces of the opera-house, her subtle changes of mood are often lost. But if Thais thought as sweetly and coyly as Massenet made the hackneyed music, she was quite a girl! There was a rich beauty in the scene before Thais' house, and her boudoir was luxurious, though dreadfully exposed. It opened to the starry sky, while only shell-pink gauze saved her from what might have been—at the period—a curious world.

On the opening night, her head-dress caught in a silken curtain while she was grovelling at the feet of Athanael, and Clarence Whitehill, fine artist that he always is, just easily moved behind her, loosed the drapery and made a superb background for her golden loveliness in his monk's robe of brown.

This is the season for choruses and the Schola Cantorum gave a richly flavored Christmas program in which *Alms for the Christ Child*, set by the modern Spanish composer Nicolaus to the modern poem of Vordager, was featured. This number for six-part chorus and boy choir was ingenious in scheme, clever in part writing, with moments of rare beauty; but it was long and sometimes rather tedious.

*The Messiah* was sung by the Oratorio Society, finely conducted by Albert Stoessel. Its beauty does not grow less radiant with repetition. That is merely because Handel was real. He had a reverent idea and he knew how to express it with glowing simplicity.

In the younger set, there was Edna Indermaur, who made her debut in Aeolian Hall without any previous press-agenting. She has a rich contralto voice and the sort of diction that makes one feel as if she spoke Italian, French, and German fluently.

### SOME ORCHESTRAL NOVELTIES

MIECZYSLAW MUNZ, the young Polish pianist, played again. He is still the brilliant figure among the players of the pianoforte heard this season. Henderson wrote of him, "The performance had poetry, fire, and a never failing beautiful tone. A rising musical personality is

(Continued on page 54)



Bain Service

### ARTUR BODANZKY

An orchestral conductor of distinction and power, whose continued holding of the first baton at the Metropolitan Opera House seems not to interfere with his capital direction of the Society of the Friends of Music.

the works of the ultra-moderns, the futurists and expressionists, cubists and the rest.

Skipping back to normalcy (of a sort) one of the winter excitements was *Thais* at the Metropolitan, with Maria Jeritza, and Josef Urban settings. It may be cruel, but Jeritza did remind me of Mary Garden. She walks more as if she wore those rubber heels that put the spring of youth into every step. (adv.) Hers is not the same Garden glide, but she scoops her tones and her *L'amore* had the Mary thrill.

Otherwise, she was more like a school-girl romping about, with only a surreptitious reading of *Snappy Stories* for a naughty background. You could scarcely believe that the Thais which Jeritza acted was the one that Anatole France imagined, or even that Massenet sang with honey dripping from the *Meditation*.

I saw Kousnezoff in Aix-les-Bains last year. She remained on the stage while the



**LUCREZIA BORI**

(Below) One of the Opera's most interesting singers, in the title rôle of *Snegourotchka*, (The Snow Maid), a Rimsky-Korsakov work heard last season and again in the repertoire this year.



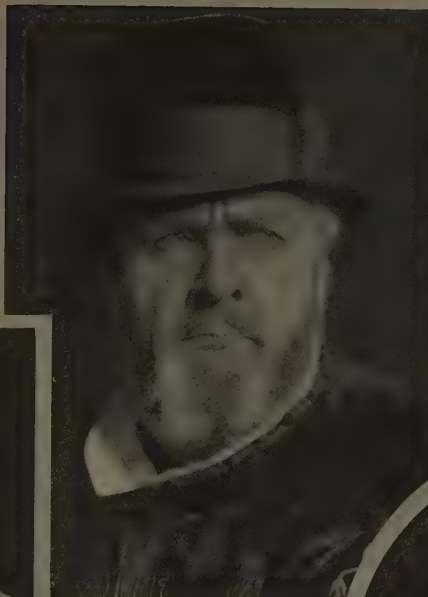
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**G. MARTINELLI**

(Right) Arnold, in *William Tell*. High honor came to this fine tenor for his mastery of a rôle as difficult as any in opera.



© Mishkin



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**ROSA PONSELLE**

(Right) Whose rich soprano was recently heard in the charming music of Mathilde in the revival of Rossini's *William Tell*



© Mishkin



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**BENIAMINO GIGLI**

(Left) The Italian tenor to whom fell the title rôle of Giordano's *André Chenier*.

**FLORENCE EASTON**

(Right) As Dorabella in Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte*.



© Mishkin

**CREATIONS AND REVIVALS AT THE METROPOLITAN**

*A Group of Interesting Characterizations Seen at the Opera this Month*





© Keystone

Just a step off the world's most famous street is St. Malachy's Roman Catholic Church which advertises in modern theatrical fashion the welcome news to many of an "Actors' Chapel" where the soul or body-weary mummer may find always respite and a moment of meditation. On Sunday morning and other times when mass is being said the "S. R. O." sign shines out to inform a skeptical world that the world of make-believe knows its prayerful side.



© Keystone

The Rev. Father Leonard, pastor of St. Malachy's Roman Catholic Church, a true friend to many an actor who has been invited by the sign, "Actors' Chapel" outside St. Malachy's, to find within encouragement and aid from this very human ecclesiastic.



© Underwood & Underwood

In New York, and not far from where his voice was once heard by the music-loving multitudes, has been made this monster candle destined to shine for centuries to the memory of Enrico Caruso. It weighs one ton, is 16 feet high, five feet in circumference at the base and 18 inches at the top. It will be burned for 24 hours a year—on All Souls Day—at the Church of Our Lady of Pompeii, the last church at which Caruso worshipped and will last—it is estimated—for 16 centuries.



© Underwood & Underwood

It is not often that one may behold one of the Metropolitan stars in the act of being "bearded, girded and rouged" for his performance. Here is Giovanni Martinelli in the hands of Otto, the master of wardrobe at the "Met." for 12 years and Harold, its wig-maker for 15 years, being made ready for his part in *William Tell*.

## ALL ALONG BROADWAY

*Facts and Figures Prominent in the World of the Theatre*



# HEARD ON BROADWAY

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by



L'Homme Qui Sait

THE Moscow Art Theatre played to \$47,500 during its first week in New York, and to a little more than that during its second week. The Russians, themselves—there are 62 of them—are said to receive \$3,000 weekly, but, of course, the expense of bringing the troupe over here, and launching it in the Gestian manner, has been terrific. COMSTOCK and GEST, LEE SHUBERT, and OTTO H. KAHN—these are the men financially interested.

"It's a funny thing," remarked a manager the other day, apropos of the Russian invasion. "ARTHUR HOPKINS produced Gorki's *Night Lodging* a season or two ago, and played to about \$200 a night. He produced it in English, so that everybody could understand it. Then along comes MORRIS GEST and produces it in Russian, so that nobody can understand it. Result: \$50,000 a week."

*Jitta's Atonement*, whatever else you may say about it, contained one epoch-making scene. A young girl broke her engagement, and did not accompany the action by stripping off her engagement ring and handing it back to the young man.

## WILLIAM ARCHER'S NEW PLAY

THE managers are continuing to flirt with biographical plays. WILLIAM ARCHER has brought over a play on George Washington, but those who have read it are not greatly impressed. EDWARD KNOBLOCK'S play on Poe, which AL WOODS will produce with Lowell Sherman in the rôle, would be running now if *The Masked Woman* had not suddenly turned into a success. And there is a play about Whistler in the offing, which may have ARNOLD DALY as its star. As a matter of fact, *Abraham Lincoln* was the only one of the biographical plays that was particularly successful, but a theatrical producer is always hopeful. He must be.

The stage, it seems, either withholds its favors entirely or else showers them without stint. FLORENCE ELDRIDGE, for example, found the going reasonably difficult until she appeared in *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. Two days after that play opened the offers began to pour in, and they have practically never ceased. In the three or four months that the play has been running she has been offered at least a score of leading parts—many of them star rôles. Chiefly, of course, it illustrates the blindness of the managers, for Miss Eldridge, almost certainly, was just as good an actress the day before *Six Characters* opened as she was the day after.

## BARRYMORE TIRES OF HAMLET

JUST about the time that this magazine reaches you, JOHN BARRYMORE will be ending his *Hamlet* run. There is plenty of trade, of course, for Jack Barrymore is, without question, the most popular player in America today. The simple truth is that he just wants to quit. The only surprise expressed along Broadway is that he has acted the part as long as he has.

There is a man in New York, it is said, who has amassed a huge fortune by what looks suspiciously like underhand methods. He has been going around betting absolute strangers that HELEN WESTLEY would be seen in the next Theatre Guild production.

Speaking of the BARRYMORES, there has not been so much happiness up at the Longacre, where Ethel has been launching the first of her two seasons. She was, it is said, greatly distressed over the things that were written about her performance in the rôle of Juliet—so much so that she decided never to speak to any of the New York critics again. Prior to the opening of *Romeo and Juliet* several of the critics had been among her best friends. Finding scant favor with Hauptmann and Shakespeare, Miss Barrymore is about to try Sutro, who was not on her original list of four authors when she began her two seasons at the Longacre. This favorite actress is now faring forth in *The Laughing Lady*, a play that MARIE LOHR is acting with success at the Globe in London.

## MANAGER AND STAR CLASH

ALL is not so friendly these days between FAY BAINTER and WILLIAM HARRIS, her manager—or, at least, he was still her manager when these notes were written. It was Mr. Harris who launched Miss Bainter in the sensationally successful *East Is West*, thereby making fortunes for both of them. Moreover, there is a well-defined legend that he also gave Miss Bainter a substantial interest in *Abraham Lincoln*. But it was over the choice of her play for this season that Miss Bainter and Mr. Harris disagreed. Mr. Harris, from a multitude of manuscripts, selected *The Lady Cristilinda*; Miss Bainter, mindful of *East Is West*, was in favor of dispatching Mr. SAMUEL SHIPMAN to Atlantic City for a week, with instructions to come back with a manuscript. But Mr. Harris's will prevailed: *The Lady Cristilinda* was produced, and failed. So, says Miss Bainter, she is inclined to think she will go elsewhere for her direction after this. RICHARD HERNDON is named, tentatively, as her next impresario—probably there will be an announcement to that effect before very long.

P. G. WODEHOUSE is back in America, and occasionally bobs up at a first-night—generally at one with which an erstwhile associate has been connected. He was cheering on GUY BOLTON, for example, at the première of *Polly Preferred*. He says, by the way, that he is likely to be over here for a considerable time—not only are he and Mr. Bolton and MR. KERN (the old triumvirate of the Princess) reuniting for a single musical comedy, but he will also linger to write the lyrics for *The Heavenly Twins*, the musical comedy in which the DUNCAN SISTERS will be launched in the Spring. The Wodehouse-Bolton-Kern collaboration will be a musical comedy to be produced by Mr. Ziegfeld, with Mary Eaton in its leading rôle.

## LARRIMORE SEEKS A VEHICLE

FRANCINE LARRIMORE, after a considerable absence with *Nice People*, is also to be seen at first nights these weeks. SAM H. HARRIS is eagerly seeking Miss Larrimore's next play, but there seems to be nothing in sight just at the moment.

GLENN HUNTER, while *Merton of the Movies* runs on, is devoting his non-matinee days to making motion pictures. His contract with the film makers stipulates that he shall work only between the hours of ten and three-thirty.

AL JOLSON is probably the greatest drawing card on the American stage just at present—and there is a lively scramble going on for his services. His contract with the SHUBERTS will expire in June, and Al has repeatedly told his friends that he would be under new management next season. But it is doubtful. The Shuberts' Christmas present to Al this year was a Rolls-Royce, and the comedian is likely to take that into account when it comes time to sign a new contract.

ZIEGFELD, DILLINGHAM, ERLANGER—these are only a few of the managers who have been seeking him. Recently A. H. WOODS was in Chicago while Jolson was playing there, and dropped around to see him. Said Al to Al:

"Why don't you take me under your management?"

"I'll tell you what," replied Al. "You write down on a slip of paper the terms that you want, and at the same time I'll write down what I'm willing to give you. Then we'll compare them."

By the terms of his contract with the Shuberts, incidentally, Jolson receives a weekly salary of \$2,000 and twenty-five per cent of the profits, an arrangement that nets him around \$5,000 weekly. His phonograph records, of course, bring him almost as much more.

#### ONE-WAY PLAYS

THE recent prevalence of cut-back plays—plays whose action moves backward, forward, and sideways—has brought forth a good suggestion from a confirmed first-nighter. "What I would like to see," he says, "is a police ruling in favor of strictly one-way plays."

One of the interesting sights on Broadway, on the night of an important première, is to see the various players around town rushing into the theatre with their make-up on, shortly before eleven o'clock, anxious to catch the final few minutes. This is particularly true of a Barrymore opening—then all the young folks, eager to learn, come fairly running to the playhouse. And the Barrymores perform similarly for each other. On the night that JOHN BARRYMORE opened in *Hamlet*, his sister, Ethel, gave the fastest performance of *Rose Bernd* on record. The curtain went up several minutes ahead of time, the intermissions were cut to almost nothing, and ETHEL BARRYMORE thereby saw about an act of *Hamlet*.



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, one of the first of America's actor-managers, is ambitiously announcing a program which calls for five productions a season—every season. He will begin this spring, says Mr. Faversham, and meanwhile he is looking for a theatre. Five productions in a season are a great many—more, in fact, than any but the biggest of the producing managers attempt. Mr. Faversham must be credited with the best of faith in his announcement, but the odds are still about 37 to 1 against his adhering to the program.

#### MADGE OFF TO JAPAN

MADGE KENNEDY has departed for the blossoms of Japan—merely a flying trip for film purposes. Two nights before she left she was given a farewell party at her home on Riverside Drive—one at which most of the celebrities of Broadway assembled. Among them were RODOLPH VALENTINO, eagerly sought as a dancing partner; ALMA GLUCK and EFREM ZIMBALIST, enjoying their customary rivalry at auction; ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, watching the game; CLARE SHERIDAN, deep in conversation with HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE, of *The World*—or is it *The World* of Mr. Swope?—MARGARET LAWRENCE, INA CLAIRE, GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, MARGALO GILLMORE, ADELE ASTAIRE, WINIFRED LENIHAN, JASCHA HEIFETZ, JULIA HOYT, and a good many others.

SAMUEL SHIPMAN owned ten per cent of *Rain* when that play opened in Philadelphia, but gave it up after the second act, when the play looked like a failure. Since it is one of the biggest successes that ever has reached New York, it is not unlikely that Mr. Shipman's share would eventually have been worth \$100,000. Twenty-five per cent of the play is owned by JOHN D. WILLIAMS, who was on the point of accepting \$5,000 for his interest just before the opening. He was dissuaded from selling by SAM H. HARRIS.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD has left this country flat in favor of England, and was even heard to remark that she might never come back. Miss Bankhead probably will be seen in a play that GERALD DU MAURIER is shortly to produce—a piece in which Mr. du Maurier, VIOLA TREE, and Miss Bankhead will have the principal rôles.

One of the evils that the central ticket agency promises to eliminate—or maybe it won't—is the tremendous profit made by theatre treasurers. A theatrical man recently estimated that the job of treasurer, in a theatre housing a genuine success, is worth \$50,000 to \$125,000 a year. The money comes from the brokers, of course, in exchange for the turning over of choice seats.

#### TARKINGTON AS SINGING TEACHER

THEY do say that one of the most pleasing incidents in connection with the production of *Rose Briar* was the sight of BOOTH TARKINGTON instructing BILLIE BURKE just how to sing a certain song. The song in question is a flirtatious number entitled *Give Me That Rose*, and the precise note that Mr. Tarkington wanted somehow continued to elude the star. Finally, in desperation, he determined to sing the song to her himself. It is distinctly a feminine and dainty number, and those who know Mr. Tarkington will agree that he is neither one of the two. He shut himself up in a room for two days, religiously practicing the graceful pirouettes that went with the song. Then, with fear in his heart, he went to the Empire Theatre and sang the song for Miss Burke. It was, probably, the greatest single sacrifice that he ever has been called upon to make—for dignity and all went with it. But he succeeded in instructing Miss Burke.

On the opening night of the BELASCO-WARFIELD *Merchant of Venice*, the Portia of the evening, MARY SERVOS, was anything but well. In his curtain speech, Mr. Belasco paid tribute to her pluck, saying that she was suffering severely from a quincy sore throat. "She seemed all right to me," remarked an incorrigible, during the following intermission, "I thought she gave a very cute and quinzical performance."

CLARE EAMES, one of the most promising of the younger players—but one who has not been particularly fortunate in the selection of plays—has temporarily deserted Broadway for the Coast and the films. She has joined the forces of MARY PICKFORD, and will play the rôle of Queen Elizabeth in Mary's *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*. It was as Queen Elizabeth in the Faversham production of *The Prince and the Pauper* that Miss Eames scored one of her chief successes.

LAURETTE TAYLOR, at a recent gathering, astounded her hearers by declaring that ALLA NAZIMOVA is a great comedienne. Nazimova, said Miss Taylor, is fairly longing to play comedy, but is firmly convinced that the public would not accept her in anything but a rôle of the heavy and snaky variety.

Speaking of NAZIMOVA, that actress is to be credited with a shrewd remark. "People always like to call me by my name when they talk to me," she said. "It makes them think they are speaking a foreign language."

#### LENORE ULRIC'S NEW PLAY

DAVID BELASCO, in a recent interview apropos of *The Merchant of Venice*, said that he is about to launch forth upon a series of Shakespearean productions. (Recent events may have taken the edge from this ambition, for *The Merchant* has not been an overwhelming success.) The plays that he expects to produce are *King Lear*, with WARFIELD in the part; *Romeo and Juliet*, with Lenore Ulric; *Henry V*, with LIONEL ATWILL, and an all-star *Julius Caesar*. Lenore Ulric's next play will be from the pen of EDWARD SHELDON, and then will come *Juliet*.

DORIS KEANE is said to be considering the rôle of Hedda Gabler, and probably will try it in New York in the Spring. Her tour in *The Czarina* was not a success.





Portrait by Nelson Evans

### RUTH ROLAND

*A darling of the movie fans, photographed in a mood of romantic beauty. She is soon to reappear in her old role of cowgirl in the Pathe serial—"Haunted Valley"*

# THE TWO-A-DAY

## BLAND JOHANESON'S REVIEW OF THE VIRTUES AND VILLAINIES OF VAUDEVILLE

**V**AUDEVILLE possesses its own crudities and its own vulgarities, but its stupidities can be unloaded at the door of the legitimate theatre. Invariably the worst assaults upon the reason of a vaudeville audience are made by actors and actresses who are established in the drama or the operetta, but whose pleasure in acquiring the prodigal salary of the music hall overbalances by a hair their pain in the descent to it.

Because a gentleman who pays two dollars and twenty cents to see them must be, obviously, a creature far inferior to one who pays two dollars and eighty-five cents for the same questionable privilege, these stars of the drama give him a performance befitting his submerged social stratum.

Were you a great dramatic artist considering a venture into vaudeville, you might make your preparations in this traditional way. Dropping in at the club, you write a little message to Mr. Edgar Allan Woolf, confessing that you have been the season's outstanding success in Shakespeare or Avery Hopwood, but that as your show was slated for an indefinite run in Cain's Storehouse, you could use a little twenty minute sketch which hit all the high spots in *King Lear*, *Back to Methuselah* or *The Turkish Bath*.

In due time Mr. Woolf obliges with the script. You have been given spoutings remotely akin to all the best speeches in your last success, and sufficient nobility and high-mindedness to appeal to the befuddled dolts whom you are to regale with your great art. You cast your dresser, his wife and her niece in the minor rôles, ascertain that the house "interior" has the proper number of exits, rehearse on Sunday afternoon, and on Monday are ready to demand a dressing-room on the stage and push out a tired headlining troupe which has just come in from a split-week, three-a-day debauch on the family time.

Still it is an open secret that there are scores of artistic one-act plays in the literature of every country in the world.

**A**RNOLD DALY with his new play, *Moral Courage*, makes very humble and very acceptable apology for his former haphazard entry into the vaudeville. Mr. Daly has adapted his present vehicle from the German. It is a consistent, logical and dramatic playlet in which, as the Baron of Neustift, he has the business of scaring to death an offensive enemy. There are no shocking Grand Guignol effects in it. The Baron simply convinces the sanctimonious brother-in-law who has tormented him with repeated lectures on moral courage that he is going to shoot him in sheer disgust and hatred.

The sketch is a queer *confrère* of jazz

bands and tramp acrobats, but so immensely superior to vaudeville's whipped cream drama, Mr. Daly is wholeheartedly forgiven for Anatol's sorry *Last Supper*.

**W**HEN *Love Is Young* by Leroy Clemons is another sketch of a very high standard, exceptionally well-mounted and directed, and in the hands of four unusually competent and intelligent young actors. It is a gossamer-weight playlet, but the wretched little flapper played by Lillian Ross, the two prep-school suitors and the astute young brother are such real and familiar persons that their small affairs acquire a genuine interest. One cannot praise too highly a sketch which does not show the "living-room at the Blake house" fitted up like a North Carolina hotel-lobby, even to the cuspidors.

**A**PROFOUND student of the theatre inquired, the other day, what was the first requisite for the success of a specialized entertainer, and just as I was about to answer "skill" I thought of Frank Van Hoven. He is probably the world's rank-est incompetent. He cannot perform a single difficult trick of magic, yet he is the most entertaining of magicians. He cannot speak above a whisper, yet he has an entire house rocking over the things he says. He is shamefully vulgar, and his vulgarity is not disgusting, but amusing. Though utterly devoid of charm, his personality "gets" every person in the theatre. He is more silly than witty, yet he is the father of such great ideas as: "A New Haven audience is so cold they sit in the front row and devour their young!"

Frank Van Hoven best graces the classic label "a perfect nut." His example would convince any really serious student of the theatre that specialized skill is secondary for success to the mastery of the ancient Art of Hokum. How they love it!

**A**FTER their historic "flop" last autumn the pretty Dolly Sisters are having another fling at vaudeville. They are a pictorial delight, as usual, and the men with them have not "walked up a flight" to buy their wardrobes. With their brother, Edward Dolly, they do one of those Apache stunts programmed, quite seriously, as a *Torture Dance*. It is. The Dollys are no country belles trying out for the small-time. They have seen a thing or two. That is why more is to be expected of them than such a stupid song and dance as this Apache number and such banal "funniness" as that offered by Harry Richman at the piano. The Dollys as an attrac-

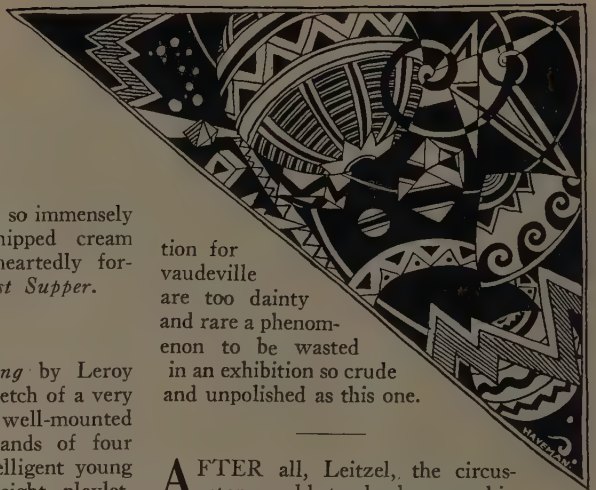
tion for vaudeville are too dainty and rare a phenomenon to be wasted in an exhibition so crude and unpolished as this one.

**A**FTER all, Leitzel, the circus-star, could teach showmanship to every act in vaudeville. She understands it thoroughly. She knows, too, that she is a great gymnast and that she doesn't have to come out and play the ukelele as an encore to prove she's versatile. She keeps her stage dark throughout the entire running time of her act, coming on in a spot, working in it, and being followed off by it. She has acquired very amusing little comedy mannerisms, but she never tries to be funny, and when she takes her repeated bows, she does so with grace and dignity. Her instinctive good taste saves her from the making-faces, kissing-hands method of acknowledging applause affected by even so great an artist as Fanny Brice. The impression Leitzel leaves with her audience is one of perfect finish and refinement.

**T**HE Messrs. Shubert, in another attempt to rejuvenate the fading box office in their "advanced" vaudeville venture, are sending out tabloid editions of their musical shows to supplement the variety programs. This will cost still more money, and whether or not it will add to the quality of entertainment is a question. It will, however, throw back into vaudeville two of the best comedians on the stage, James Barton and El Brendel, of Brendel and Burt. The comedy of James Barton is inspired and his skating dance is a thing of real beauty. El Brendel is the funniest Swede I ever have seen, from Helsingborg to St. Paul, Minnesota. Both men should be of distinct box office value to "advanced" vaudeville.

**T**HE loudly heralded Harry Carroll-Vivienne Segal combination is the most incongruous one I ever have seen. Vivienne Segal is gentle and very sweet. She wears lovely clothes and has a pretty voice. She paints her finger-tips red and uses her hands so that every move is a picture. She is charming and completely devoid of humor. Harry Carroll is completely devoid of almost everything else. He is a good-tempered cynic and the only composer who can be depended upon to give us no insincere and mawkish sentimentality. He has written a sad ballad for Miss Segal, but he

(Continued on page 60)







ONA MUNSON

(Above) A clever danseuse, who caters, for a change, to the taste of the Tired Business Woman, having half a dozen gallant partners to support her in a new edition of her *Manly Revue*.



VERNA MOSCONI

(Above) Whose beautiful legs and the sheer grace with which she uses them created a genuine furore on the recent Broadway re-appearance of her famous dancing family.



Hill

IRENE FRANKLIN

(Top) The inimitable comedienne has returned to vaudeville with delightful new songs and the most amusing of her old ones, the tragic fireman's wife, the pathetic Hippodrome cory- phée, the cherished red-head.

CANSINOS

(Left) Elisa, Eduardo, Angel and Jose in *El Torero*, the stunning number with which they open the most artistically finished dancing act in the music halls.



Hesser

CAMMIE CAMERON

(Left) The cute little ingenue member of the Cameron family who appears with her father, brother and sister in an entertaining and unusual sketch *Like Father—Like Son*.

## THE SPICE OF VARIETY

*Or Some Reasons Why Devotees of the Vaudeville Theatres Never Grow Cold*

# THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE



Hesser

## RELIGIOUS DRAMA

With the Lenten Season and Easter in prospect, it is hoped this group of productions based on biblical themes, together with Mrs. Bellamy's article on the page following, will furnish ideas and inspiration to church and religious groups of all creeds for plays and pageants of a sacred nature.



Top illustration: Scene from *The Pilgrimage Play*, a moving portrayal of *The Life of Christ*, produced in the open air at El Camino Real Theatre, Hollywood, by Christine Wetherill Stevenson.

Center: "The Garden of Gethsemane"; a scene from the *Milwaukee Passion Play*, written and produced by the Rev. M. H. Gorman, under the auspices of the Holy Name Societies of Milwaukee, who hope to make that city the Oberammergau of America.

Left: The St. Patrick Players of Washington, D. C., in a scene from Monsignor Benson's *Upper Room*, the simplicity and dignity of the setting lending added beauty to a play deeply reverent in inception and spirit.



# A Workshop For Religious Drama

*How A Western Cathedral Staged an Easter Mystery Play*

By FREDERICA LeF. BELLAMY

Chairman of Commission on Church Pageantry and Drama,  
Diocese of Colorado. Director of Department of Pageantry,  
St. John's Cathedral, Denver.

THIS workshop for religious drama production is not a place—it is an idea. The cathedral in question is not four walls with a roof and a floor, but a congregation, an organization, a force, of which a group of buildings—church, parish house, deanery, and so on—form but one manifestation. And so the workshop where the junior congregation fabricate their dramatic presentations is not within four walls. The plays and pageants are written in the quiet of a mountain cabin or in the noisy proximity of a city telephone. The scripts are typed in home quiet or office clatter. Carpentry, painting, and preparation of electrical equipment go forward in an empty garage loft, or outside the parish house, or on its stage. Costume dyeing is done in the basement laundries of obliging church members; and the sewing is done in the guild rooms of the chapter-house. For rehearsals the ever-useful chapter-house stage serves the youngsters after school hours, but is supplemented by neighborhood evening gatherings in private homes for the young people who have daily employment. But there is always the central idea: all these varied activities are for the cathedral workshop: the cathedral chapter-house is the center of all work; and the outcome of all the divers efforts are the plays and pageants produced by the cathedral junior congregation on their own chapter-house stage, or special services in the church, or demonstrations miles away whenever need arises.

To follow the course of two of their productions gives a clear idea of the workshop's procedure.

## THE PRELIMINARY STEPS

AFTER the workers had acquired some experience and *esprit de corps*, it seemed advisable to prepare an original Easter play. The writer's task was obviously to use the story of Holy Week and Easter, and it was necessary to do so in some way that would enable the greatest possible number of children to take part, at least in some small way. The play was so constructed as to afford rôles to representatives of all classes, from beginners to graduates. All the children were given a share by the use of a large children's chorus to sing familiar hymns. These, combined with certain solos that carried the story forward, filled in admirably, in the darkened auditorium, impressive pauses between the episodes.

Along these lines *Darkness and Dawn*, a mystery play with music, was written. It dealt with the thoughts and feelings of humble folk during the terrible darkness of the Crucifixion hour, the black night of the Entombment, and the radiant dawn of

the Resurrection Morn. Much of the text was taken from Isaiah, from John, and from the Gospels of the day for the season. Use was made of a quaint legend of a flower to convey symbolically the lesson of faith in resurrection as Nature teaches it. Children, shepherds, soldiers, disciples spoke of what they had heard and seen.

## THE STORY OF THE PLAY

IN the first episode, there gathers on a hillside outside the walls of Jerusalem a company of children who have lost their way in the sudden darkness of the Crucifixion hour. Some are little girls who have come out from their humble homes in the city to seek spring wild flowers; some are shepherd lads; two are Romans, the sons of centurions. To them came an older lad, brother of James the Less, and the daughter of Salome, who has come with her mother from over beyond Jordan, following the Master. These children tell what they have seen and heard of Jesus' ministry. Their dawning faith is symbolized by the sudden vision of the Spirit of the Marigold, affirming the resurrection promise and illustrating it by what they already know of the glorious awakening of flowers from seeds buried in the dark earth. Their terror at the growing tumult of earth and sky is quieted in learning from the older boy and girl the Lord's own prayer.

The second episode takes place under the quiet stars of the deep blue night of the Entombment.

Two Roman legionaries meet; the one, a veteran, returning from sentry duty in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, relates to the other, a young soldier going out to the same post, the awe-inspiring story of the opened tomb. In hushed voices they discuss all they have heard of the Galilean. Across the darkness of their pagan night has fallen the gleam of understanding that the Crucified One was no mere man.

In the third episode, the children gather again at earliest dawn, as their Flower Spirit vision bade them do. They find marigolds everywhere in bloom. As they eagerly gather them, the resurrection tidings come. For Mary, the mother of James the Less, returning from the city where she hurried to tell the disciples of the empty tomb, is met by Mary Magdalene coming from having seen the risen Christ. Then comes John, after his visit to the sepulchre, ready to share the Magdalene's faith. The children gather about their elders as the story unfolds, and at its close recommence the Hosannahs the priests had hushed, when, over palm branches and strewn garments, the Son of Man rode "in lowly pomp" to die. So, with triumphant song, the little company heralds in the radiant

dawn of faith over a redeemed world.

Such, in brief, was the story of the play. The author maintained a uniformity of place in order to further economy of staging and smoothness of production. The setting required was simply a hillside outside the walls of Jerusalem. It was possible to avoid monotony by using a complete change of lighting for each of the three episodes: the first, a murky storm-darkness; the second, deep blue night; the third, triumphant sunrise.

## FASHIONING THE COSTUMES

THE costume designs, taken from Tissot's "Life of Christ" and from various other pictures, were carried out by the costume department. Quantities of inexpensive unbleached muslin, cut into the required lengths, were dyed clear, soft, harmonious colors. Some garments were one color, some parti-colored. The headgear—some dyed muslin, some merely old chiffon veils—furnished excellent notes of variety and contrast. Roman armor was made by sewing innumerable tin disks on shirts dyed steel gray. A rough goat skin served one shepherd lad for a coat. Superimposed layers of cheesecloth, dyed with delicate colors, made lovely costumes for the two Marys. The straight-hanging garments belted in by colored girdles, the loose cloaks, the head-veils of conventional biblical illustration, were all very easy to carry out exactly and effectively in this inexpensive way. The tunics and short cloaks of the Roman boys and legionaries were equally simple.

## CONSTRUCTING THE SCENERY

THE scenery, devised by the stage manager with the help of a talented Little Theatre designer who had planned the entire equipment of the stage, was very easily constructed. Jerusalem girt by its wall, and a great hill-slope that balanced it in the middle distance, were mere illusion, mere shadows cleverly cast by silhouettes lighted from behind the back-drop. A smaller hill in the foreground was a painted screen of compo board fastened to a frame set up by regulation stage braces. The senior class of boys, acting as stage crew and carpenters, made this wooden frame and built a slanting runway, which served as a descending path just behind the crest of the hill. From an old packing case and some painted canvas, they made a low well-curb for the opposite side of the stage; and from a small box and some burlap, constructed a rock that served as a seat at stage center. From yard-sticks they made innumerable frames for the colored gelatin slides for lighting the production.

(Continued on page 64)

# THE AMATEUR'S

# GREEN ROOM



*News of the Colleges, Schools, Dramatic Clubs and Churches*

## RELIGIOUS DRAMA

**I**N anticipation of Easter, considerable space in this issue is being devoted to biblical plays and pageants. Many church dramatic groups never attempt a serious play, concerning themselves merely with sad musical productions and so-called comedies, which although frequently financially profitable are in many cases neither educational nor uplifting, and certainly not amusing except to the families and friends of those in the casts. What these groups need is inspiration and suggestion and it is hoped that they may find both in these pages. The play produced solely for its entertaining qualities has its place in the scheme of things, but so few of the church groups seem to have given little or any thought to the powerful influence of the sacred drama, which should be of paramount importance in *their* program making. Church groups are invited to submit scenes from their Easter plays with the details of their production. A list of plays suitable for presentation in the Church will be mailed to interested readers on request. Address The Editor, The Amateur Stage.

### THE MILWAUKEE PASSION PLAY

**L**AST year during the Lenten season a cast of one hundred gave a reverently beautiful presentation of the Passion Play, using a version written by the Rev. M. H. Gorman, who directed the production. Father Gorman's play departs from the Oberammergau version in that at no time does Christ appear on the stage. At dramatic heights in the play a shaft of light falling across the stage indicates the Presence. It is seen falling across the disciples in the garden; it falls across Pilate on his throne, and the Roman soldiers talking of the strange man who performs miracles, see the deep glow. No actor playing the rôle of Christ could hope to stir in the hearts of his audience the reverence and awe which that glowing light inspired. It was

a master stroke in play production and Father Gorman is to be congratulated on thus having ingeniously avoided giving offense to many who find the idea of Christ represented on the stage extremely repellent.

Father Gorman, who was formerly a member of the faculty of Marquette University, gave the first production of his Passion Play in Detroit, six years ago, and last season saw its second presentation in Milwaukee, where 9000 people witnessed the play the first year it was given. The Passion Play is presented under the auspices of the Holy Name Societies of the Milwaukee arch-diocese, under the patronage of the Rev. Sebastian C. Messmer, Archbishop, and it is the hope of the sponsors to make Milwaukee the Oberammergau of America.

### AN ANNUAL MODERN MIRACLE PLAY

**T**HE Chamber of Commerce of Long Beach, California, added a feature to the city's life, the past summer, when it presented *The Man From Judah*, Long Beach's first annual modern miracle play, which ran for one month in the new auditorium of the Chamber of Commerce Building.

Dr. Clyde Sheldon Shepard, Director of Dramatics at Pomona College, wrote the play and directed the production, playing the title rôle of Amos. As defined by him,

the play was neither a dramatization nor strictly a miracle play, but rather a modern play with a biblical theme, produced with the aim of the preacher—the revelation of the heart of the prophet, Amos. Dr. Shepard has been re-engaged for next summer to present his *Into the Night*, based on the tragic life of Hosea.

### ST. PATRICK PLAYERS OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

**E**ACH Tuesday and Thursday during the Lenten season last year, this earnest band of talented players gave a performance of Monsignor Benson's sacred play, *The Upper Room*, in their completely equipped Little Theatre at Carroll Hall, Washington, D. C.

The play, while not a counterpart of the famous Oberammergau spectacle is really in the nature of a Passion Play, since it portrays the last supper and the anguish of the hours intervening, until sunset of Good Friday.

The tragedy itself is not shown on the stage, but the faithful watchers in the upper room see from the window, the spears of soldiers and the passing of the cross, which falls with its bearer and is lifted into sight, the dramatic climax of the play showing the three crosses visioned against a sunset sky. Careful attention was given to color schemes and lighting effects, and the properties were fashioned after designs

taken from Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, *The Last Supper*. The *Upper Room* was staged with heavy Shantung silk drapes, on either side of a center balcony effect, through which might be seen on the back drop, the distant hills of Calvary. Twelve voices from the male choir sang the incidental music which was developed from an old Hebrew theme.

THE INTER-THEATRE ARTS PRESENTS A GOSPEL STORY

**T**HE *Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ According to the Gospel of St. Luke* was presented during the (Cont'd on page 72)



Scene from the prologue of Edward Massey's *Plots and Playwrights*, produced under the able direction of Mr. Vernon Raddiffe, at the Manor Club, Pelham, New York, with Mr. Chester W. Graves as the policeman; Mr. Matthew G. Ely as Casper Gay and Mrs. Anthony Menkel, the irrepressible Maggie.



# The Promenades of Angelina

*She Dines with Tubby at the Elysee, Attends a Musical Comedy, and Winds up the Morning at "Monte Carlo"*

WHEN Tubby isn't going to his Italian restaurant for dinner he likes to go to the Elysée on 56th Street. He thinks it is one of the best American translations of the foreign atmosphere that there is in town . . . I like it too . . . the seats going round the wall . . . the "goody" food . . . the amusing and prominent people who come to tuck themselves away and pretend that they are incognito. It's one of the unwritten rules of the place that if you recognize anyone you must assume not to notice them . . . At the Ritz or Sherry's one goes frankly to stare or be stared at . . . to see and to be seen . . . But not at the Elysée . . . If you gaze around there it must be done in the fashion that Grandmamma of the "Old Régime" always recommended to granddaughter Ambrosine . . . that is "with the eyelashes" . . . All this makes for the above-mentioned foreign ease and charm of atmosphere, according to Tubby . . .

Tubby likes, too, to sit in front rows at the theatre . . . I like the front row, also . . . on occasions . . . but better at the matinee with a girl friend than in the evening with a man, especially if it is a musical comedy . . . There is too close a competition with the beauties of the chorus. I imagine one always seems a little pallid and tame on being turned to by one's escort from the eye-dazzling richness of make-up and costume . . . One is to a certain extent under the glare of the footlights and yet not made up for the part. However, if Tubby buys the seats by himself, and in advance, invariably I find we're booked for the first row . . .

It was so the other evening for *The Lady in Ermine* . . . We dined at the Elysée and went on . . . And Tubby had not only taken front row seats, but front row seats on the far end. *The Lady* is housed at the Ambassador, and the end front seats there are front row seats "as is" . . . Tubby could rest his elbow on the stage . . . actually . . . and I jogged mine with the "little man in the tinshop,"



Wide and soft taffeta ribbons in contrasting shades, wound together in a narrow bolster roll, make charming and inexpensive bandeaux for the hair.



One goes to the Elysée for the recherché food and to be incognito as much as possible.

as James Whitcomb Riley called that most important presider over the "traps" and the cymbals . . .

*The Lady in Ermine* is very worth while . . . Tubby was seeing it for the third time, and recommended to one's notice the main alluring melody that runs through it . . . the melody that is played at one minute as a langorous Viennese waltz and the next worked into an inspiring jazz . . . We both of us combined in a duet of admiration over the beautiful Wilda Bennett . . . the handsome Walter Woolf, who certainly can sing! . . . and the enchanting little Helen Shipman. For good measure, there is in the cast the Italian Marie Burke, the wife of Tom Burke at the Winter Garden . . . and Gladys Walton, who is called by my name in the play "Angelina" . . .

It was Helen Shipman's last night in the cast as she was leaving to go with a new Shubert production in a more important part. Tubby told me. He knows her from Passini's. I dote on the little Shipman's feet and ankles . . . every woman should have feet and ankles like that. I don't mean, *naturellement*, the exact size and shape . . . that would be absurd and monotonous . . . but as well proportioned, as structurally right . . . However, I more than suspect that the canny choosing of her shoes has a lot to do with the grace of her feet . . . She wore with her little maid's costumes such piquant ribbon bandeaux, of different colored ribbons rolled together in the fashion of the moment, with one time an end hanging down the side, and another time two trailing down the back . . . I have already copied the idea myself in three or four different color combinations, and it has proved so effective that every female who has seen the bandeau has promptly gone off and copied it herself . . . It is so easy to make, and so inexpensive . . .

After the performance Tubby asked for suggestions as to further diversion and I promptly voted for the "Monte Carlo," that latest of after-the-theatre supper clubs.

"Fine!" agreed Tubby. "Suggestion couldn't be better. Let's go!"

My main reason for choosing the "Monte Carlo" was because the fascinating Savoy and Brennan of *The Greenwich Village Follies* are now appearing there nightly. I never can get enough of them . . . especially Bert Savoy . . . "Your crush!" as Tubby calls him . . . But he really is the most deliciously witty creature . . . quite as amusing off the stage as on, and keeping one in screams of laughter . . . Consequently, simply deluged with invitations to parties . . .

Hardly had we crossed the threshold of the "Monte Carlo" when we were spied by Savoy who came rushing up . . . "Angelina, you terrible woman!" he cried. "How are you!"

Parroding, as he does, the latest prevalent feminine foible, he was carrying the most fascinating doll in rust-colored taffeta frock, to match his own, under whose bouffant skirts was concealed a black-and-white striped cardboard container holding cigarettes, which were being distributed most lavishly. The dolls are the origination of Mme. Simone Bouvet on 57th Street, explained Savoy . . . She brought the idea from the Riviera where the chic Parisiennes use them to carry their pet champagne or liqueur to a restaurant . . . Here, alas, one must substitute cigarettes or candy.

Tubby and I enjoyed the whole cabaret immensely, and danced till morning to the inspiring strains of Paul Specht's orchestra.



The latest trick in dolls, the origination of Madame Simone Bouvet. Underneath her chic taffeta frock the doll conceals a cardboard container for sweets or cigarettes.

# F A S H I O N

As Interpreted by  
the Actress

White Studios



The compelling power of line combined with the magic of chic lies in this white and blue foulard frock, which will remain in the mode as long as it lasts. The lovely full peasant sleeves have a touch of blue and white grosgrain at the wrists, and a rosette of the same blue and white with long streamers reinforces the flowing drapery at the right side.

Models from Steine & Blaine

Posed by Elizabeth Hines, star of *Little Nellie Kelly*

The above-mentioned tailleur with its accompanying jacket, showing the odd little frill, made in square-sectioned pieces, of the yellow and white blouse. For further chic there is a hat of black taffeta from Simonne Bouvet.



An original one-piece tailleur for spring, of blue Poirer twill enchantingly contrasted with a yellow and white patterned silk blouse, and specially designed for those whom the usual blouse-jacket-and-skirt does not suit. Accordion pleating at the sides of the skirt portion, with plain panels back and front, give variety and added slenderness.



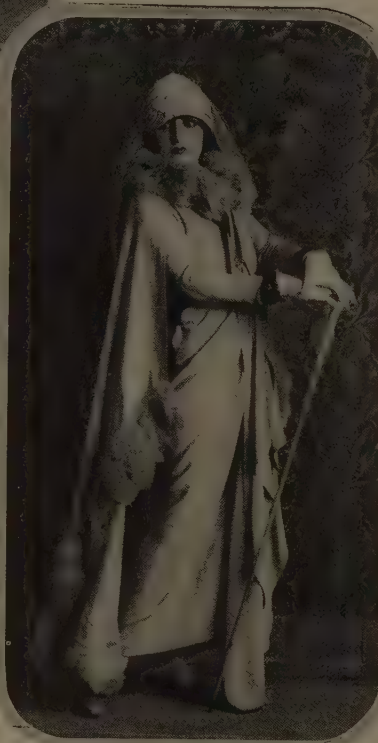


THE CLOTHES IN "THE  
MASKED WOMAN" SHOW  
THE NEW LINES

Models Created by Bergdorf-Goodman

Shoes from Henning

White Studios.



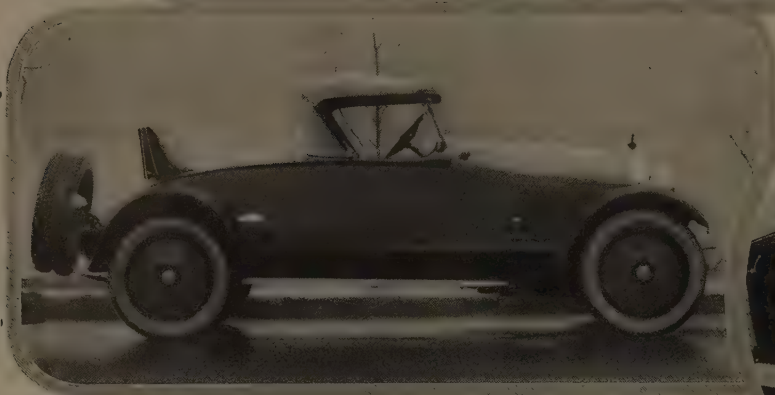
Cladys Frazin as *Mimi* makes the most alluring vamp in grass green velvet with a border of fur that runs down the left side of the frock, front and back. A gold clasp to the drapery, gold brocade turban and green leather shoes, are punctuating points for the costume.

Classically lovely, like a lady on a Greek frieze, is Helen MacKellar in this frock of hyacinth blue crepe de chine. Miss MacKellar's shoes of fawn-colored suede, buckled with oblong pieces of shiny black jet, are especially interesting.

An ensemble in grey and scarlet! Grey crepe de chine for swathing frock, with its "jabot" skirt drapery, and for the circular fox-bordered cape. Scarlet for cuffs, shoes, and small bag. Miss Frazin is having this same model copied in all-white for her own summer wardrobe.



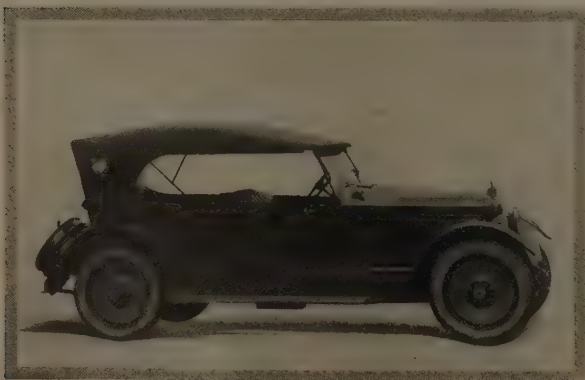
(At top) At the opening of the Paris Automobile Salon, President Millerand arrived in his personal car, the latest creation of Voisin, long famous as a builder of aeroplanes and motors and creator of the winner of the Blue Ribbon Classic, the Grand Prix of 1922.



(At left and in circle) One of the sportiest of sport cars, designed by Le Baron, built by Demarest on a Peerless chassis. This model has many innovations which explain its popularity, including compartments for three golf bags, an ice chest, and a hidden buffet, holding flasks and glasses, in the door.



(Below at left) More graceful lines than those of this Packard 1923 Twin Six Touring Car with Fleetwood body would be difficult to find on the boulevards.



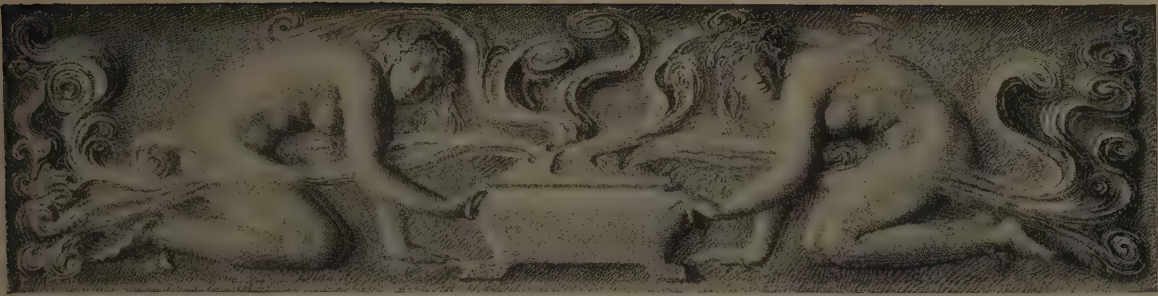
(Below) The Lincoln—in addition to its standard models—offers an interesting variety of highest grade custom bodies. This is an enclosed drive vestibule sedan by Fleetwood, the glass behind the driver's seat dropping flush, a convenience appreciated by owners who drive.



## A DEFT FRENCH TOUCH ON THE MOTOR CAR

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odeurs—obtainable in eight different shades.*

(Concluded from page 8)

surely as from an ugly row. They are getting over the long insistence, on the part of a few charlatans and cranks, that a fine play must be a dull play. Of course, the truth is that a fine play can't be a dull play, and that a dull play—a play dull to a person of reasonable education and intelligence—is never a fine play.

In other words, the better the playwright the more likely he is to be genuinely "entertaining." The manager who, six years ago, advertised his attraction as offering "nothing to think about, nothing to learn, no uplift—just 100% entertainment," was not only vicious, but stupid. How can a thinking person be entertained without having anything to think about?

Anyway, it seems to me self-evident that a man owes something to the theatre in his community, as he owes something to the government. That three hours we've been talking about is almost half of a working day. A man owes it to himself and his tribe to use such a treasure wisely, and for the general good. Whatever he does that lowers the intellectual standard of his neighborhood is as bad as what he may do to lower its moral standard. I always have thought it queer that we ostracize the physical prostitute, who harms only herself and a few others, and not the mental prostitute, who has a far greater range

of influence. That we jail a person who buys liquor, instead of a person who buys a bad picture for a bad play. Persons don't see any particular difference between the man who goes to a play for one kind of physical pleasure and the man who goes to a porno play for the same kind of pleasure.

We try to encourage the production of fine statuary in our parks, fine paintings in our galleries. Shouldn't we feel some duty toward the production of fine plays on our stage? Why should we deem excellent theatre the same story we would deem contemptible in our libraries? Should we be content to waste our time after another in seeing from which accrues to us "no thought about, nothing to learn, no lift?" Such evenings are barren of "entertainment." The real truth, and most enduring pleasure, is the mental and spiritual exaltation that comes of seeing and hearing a noble thing. And, if it were the purpose of our life the purpose of the Chessy Cat's?

A traveller tells me that, carved in stone above the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, is the inscription "For Pleasure Only." Wouldn't that be a pretty good inscription? Can any of us really afford to do things which are "for pleasure



## THE FOOL

(Continued from page 28)

Stedman return, as arranged, without Umanski, and at sight of Gilchrist, Hennig bursts out in a demand for his wife. Jerry contrives to throw suspicion on Gilchrist, who, because of his affection for Clare, will not say what he knows of the circumstances.

Later, when they are alone:

JERRY: I can take what I want out of life!

DANIEL (Nods) God says: "There is the world. Take what you want . . . AND PAY FOR IT!"

Goodkind, Sr. arrives and Daniel presents his paper of compromise. The terms give to the men a representation on the board of directors, a committee of arbitration, one-half of all profits over and above a fair dividend, to be divided pro rata, etc. Daniel forces Goodkind to agree to it by holding over his head an exposé of Stedman and Hennig.

GOODKIND: Daniel doesn't realize what he's costing us!

DANIEL: Am I costing you one cigar?

Am I costing you one blanket for your warm beds, or one stick of dynamite from your comfortable home? Anything else you'll ever miss? I want your kind of success through! I give you back your child as I gave you back your child. I give you twenty-four hours of that agreement!

Act III. "Overcoat Hall" is the final solution of his problem. A fashionable house in lower New York, a haven for the derelicts of the city. Mary Margaret, a fourteen-year-old crippled child is Daniel's keeper. Nimble-footed, light-fly-by-nights, creatures who have "tried," creatures who have failed, women of the thieves, all seek refuge in "Overcoat Hall." Daniel, returning, finds the kind, Sr., inspecting the house. He asks him for some of the money from his father's estate. Goodkind says he now holds the upper hand over Daniel and that if he closes his place in thirty minutes he will return with an officer.

(Concluded on page 5)



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(Concluded from page 52)

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doctor and have Daniel declared incompetent.

Clare comes to "Overcoat Hall," but Daniel sends her back to her husband. Hennig leads a drunken street mob into the midst of the Wednesday night sermon and they surge in a threatening mass of hoodlums about him. Pearl tries to convince Hennig of Daniel's impersonal interest in her. Goodkind returns while the brawl is on.

TONY: (*Facing Daniel*). If you're a Son of God . . . save yourself! If you're what you say . . . give us a sign!

Daniel is struck and falls. Mary Margaret ceases her praying, turns and seeing him lying senseless on an overturned table, runs to him without aid of crutches.

UMANSKI: You wanted a sign—LOOK!

ACT IV. Gilchrist's study at "Overcoat Hall." Christmas Eve. He is alone with Mary Margaret, who still walks quite independently of her crutches. The Goodkinds make a friendly call, offering Daniel the general managership of the mines. He refuses.

DANIEL: You and Jerry, and the others have called me eccentric, and a

fool, because I'm trying to walk a path trod hard by countless feet. Was Christ eccentric? Was Confucius a fool? And how about Buddha and Mohammed? What of St. Bernard, and St. Teresa, and St. Francis of Assisi—of Plato, and Zeno, and Lincoln, and Emerson, and Florence Nightingale, and Father Damien, and Octavia Hill, and all the saints and scientists, and poets and philosophers, who have lived and died in complete forgetfulness of self? Were they fools, or were they wise men and women who had found the way to peace and happiness? Were they failures, or were they the great successes?

JERRY: (*Looking about him*). Some failure you've made out of life! Wheels! . . . by God! Wheels! (*He laughs and exits*).

GOODKIND: (*Goes to Dan, and takes his hand*). I wonder if you're the failure, after all? Good-night!

Mary Margaret and Daniel stand looking out on chimney pots, the blue night sky and one bright star.

MARY MARGARET: Mr. Gilchrist! Is that the Star of Bethlehem?

DANIEL: I wonder. (*Chimes swell out, as the curtain falls*).

END

## MUSIC

(Concluded from page 36)

Mr. Munz, in whose veins runs the musical distinction peculiar to his race."

Among the orchestral novelties was *Dame Libellule* (Lady Dragonfly) which Walter Damrosch gave with the New York Symphony Orchestra. This music for a ballet pantomime is by Blair Fairchild, an American who has lived in Paris for many years. It tells one of those nature bed-time stories about the Lady Dragonfly and the Toad and the Lizard, her suitors. The Toad and the Lizard fight; the Toad is killed, and then a Butterfly appears. The fickle Dragonfly goes off with him.

The music is graceful, piquant, with ingratiating passages for strings. If one can be seduced by an interest in insect amours, Fairchild's music should be the subtle aphrodisiac.

Frieda Hempel sang at this concert, in better voice than ever, especially in *Leise, leise* from *Der Freischütz*. I think Hempel grows more charming every year. She is an artist who learned every school of singing. Lyric tones and coloratura thrills she does with equal facility, and she warms everything by her gracious, human personality.

Bringing back Rossini's *William Tell*

to the Metropolitan made most of us think of the Overture first, and of the Annie Oakley story second. That is the one about the little nigger boy who was hired to let Annie Oakley shoot an apple off his head at a vaudeville matinee.

He objected. "She goin' to shoot an apple off mah head? No, suh! Why, I wouldn't let mah mother shoot an apple off mah head!"

New York is wondering whether even Gatti-Casazza should have been allowed to shoot *William Tell* at a Metropolitan audience. It is interesting only as a relic of what was once "grand opera."

Everything is naively artificial, even the scenery and the acting. The music has nothing to do with the words, and the plot is of the most fragmentary sort.

Martinelli has a chance to sing very loud, and he does so. Beyond this, the revival of Rossini's musical curiosity is not likely to cause much comment.

The famous Overture, which is worth more than all the rest of the opera put together, is played after the first act, so that the box-holders may not consider their evening entirely wasted.





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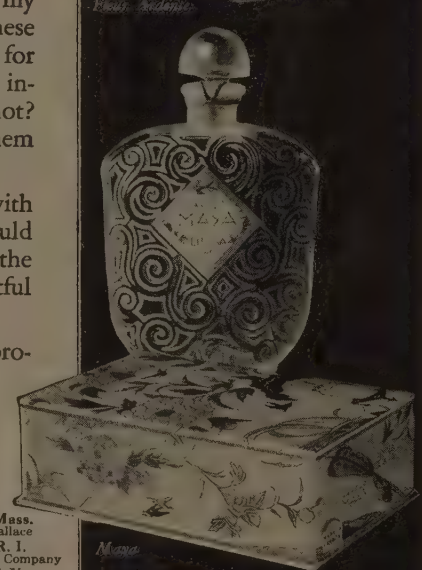
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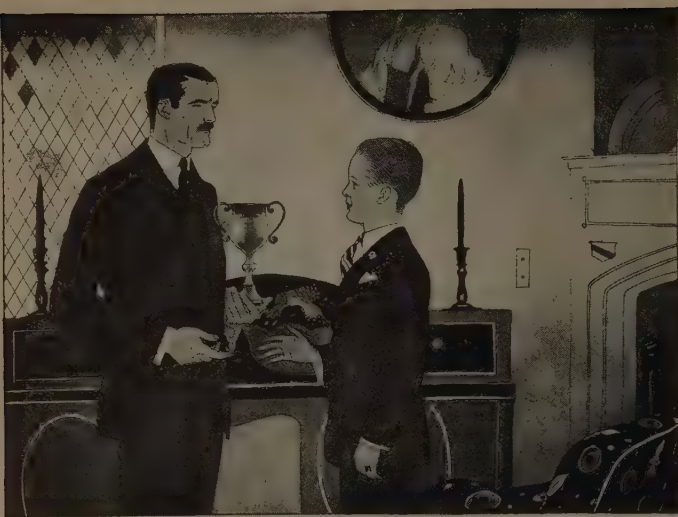


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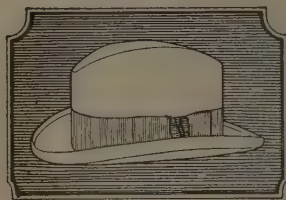
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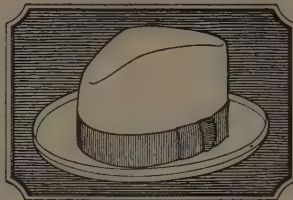
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## MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 20)

manifest themselves so deplorably.

Komisarjevsky's and Simonson's work with lights was more interesting in this instance than in their design of the setting, which was austere to the point of being forbidding;—a golden rather than gray quality was what the piece cried for, yet it was only by occasional and rather thrilling employment of lights against a backdrop that it was engaged. The moment in which the dead babe is given

new life at the breast of the leper saint while the toxins and trumpet calls of royal parade jangled realistically off-stage, thanks to finer lighting than the American theatre has ever seen, attained heights of effect that took the breath away.

Of all the performances only one stood out as worthy of distinct mention,—that of Mary Fowler, in the rôle of Mara, the leper woman's malicious, wilful sister.



## THE DRAMATIC MASKS RETURN

(Concluded from page 23)

ing just those features of man or woman which give the surest hint of what the subject is like, the concentration on these chosen features and the rejection of the rest. The mask is symbol, it is spirit, it is epitome in the Noh. It is all that the realistic theatre is not. It does not seek to copy life, but to get at the heart of it.

I think we may see in all this a hint for ourselves in the developing function of the mask in our American theatre of today—a partial answer at least to the questions of what we are going to do with it now that we have it, of what are its essential traits, its utilities, its range.

It is fairly certain that after the revues exhaust its novelty, the mask will have little lure for them—unless they suddenly fall heir to greater finesse in conception and execution than they have known heretofore. The mask can be comic—make no mistake about that. But it must be subtly comic if it is to rise above a mere false face.

The great future of the mask with us, however, lies on our dramatic stage, I am convinced. Here, too, its range is not limited to the sober and the solemn and the serious, although the depressing burdens of our contemporary problems are likely to yield the sober and the solemn and the serious in drama rather than the light and fantastic humors of the spirit. And so it is in the hands of Eugene O'Neill and his followers—if

they ever come near enough in sight to be so described—that I believe the mask will exert its greatest challenge.

Another worker in this field is Mr. Alexander Hall, the inventor of a new process for making masks which fit the wearer's face and respond to its every movement. Mr. Hall, who is well-known on the Pacific Coast for the allegories he has been able to characterize by these masks on the screen, has come East and will soon show some wonderful mask effects on stage and screen. Among the illustrations accompanying this article is a rubber mask made by Mr. Hall from the characterization of Louis Wolheim, the protagonist of *The Hairy Ape*. The mask is to be used by Mr. Wolheim as a grotesque character in a new filming of *The Missing Link*.

To all those who are trying to break away from the literal and the realistic into the realm of suggestion and creative imagination, I commend the mask as preceptor and servant. Our theatre more and more is striving to plumb the secret haunts of the human spirit, through expressionism or some other medium not yet named, rather than to copy the outer semblance of life. In this quest, the mask, obedient to the artist who loves his craft ardently enough to penetrate patiently to the essence of his subject and to convey his vision surely and simply, will play a rôle worthy of its honored ancestry.

## NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

The Brunswick list this month has thrills galore. It presents that peer among pianists, Josef Hofmann. Liszt's masterful composition, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, is the number chosen. In the beauty and power of tone, matchless technique and perfect in-

terpretation, it is Hofmann himself that you hear.

Then there is the beautiful Sigrd Onegin again, this time singing the "Stride la Vampa" from *Trovatore* and the Brindisi aria from *Lucrezia Borgia*.—Advt.

## NEW VICTOR RECORDS

The vocal solos for February are preponderantly male, embracing the range of the masculine voice from Chaliapin's rugged bass, including Ruffo's and Werrenrath's baritones, to Schipa's splendid tenor. String numbers, both in solo and organization interpretation, are also noteworthy features of the February program, while the offerings of popular and

entertainment numbers, including dance records, are particularly varied.

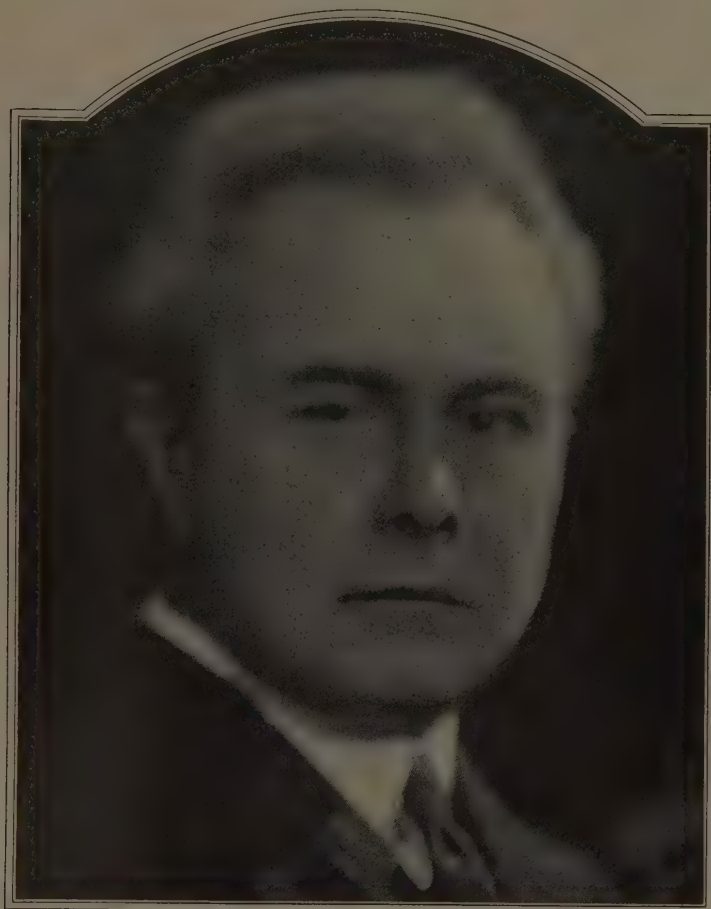
Few characters in opera are so perfectly suited to Chaliapin's voice and art as the title rôle of Boito's "Mefistofele." The sardonic passages of the prologue—"Ave Signor!" (Hail, Sovereign Lord!) with mock reverence and defiance of Heaven, form one of this great basso's immortal scenes.—Advt.



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## SACHA AND THE GUITRYS

(Concluded from page 25)

Now, a play about actors is apt to be talky and artificial, especially when the author attempts to say anything about acting; *Le Comédien*—explain it who can—is pre-eminently dramatic, and the long speeches add to, rather than detract from, the rapidity of the action. In an earlier play one of the characters remarks that "people utter such true and intimate words that you seem to be indiscreet in listening to them." In *Le Comédien* the characters speak to each other and not to the audience; perhaps that is the secret? You lift the curtain and you happen to see and hear what is going on; you start to drop it again, but can't: you are held by the spectacle and you remain.

### AUTHOR OF FORTY PLAYS

SACHA is now thirty-seven and he has written over forty plays—including vaudeville sketches, revues, historical plays, and comedies. He writes three or four plays a year, and there is no fuss made about it. If they succeed, well and good; if they fail—well, they fail. An adverse criticism never sends him off to the sanitarium, and if the public refuses to attend his latest play, then there is something the matter with the play, for the public is invariably right.

Sacha's career as a dramatist opened before he was twenty. It is said that in other people's plays he used to elaborate on the dialogue given him and that on one occasion (he was playing a butler) he remained on the stage after he received his cue to exit, joined in the conversation and quite upset the scene. We are told that he was asked to find another job. He did.

His earliest plays are a curious mixture of crudity, smartness, cynicism, and abounding youth.

The first play that reveals the finished artist is *La Petite Hollande*. It was written just after *La Clef* and *Nono*, both of which are artificial and crude. *La Clef* is unrelieved pessimism, covered with a veneer of gaiety.

Like almost all the later plays *La Petite Hollande* is a technical achievement. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the simplicity of the plot, the apparent inconsequence of the dialogue and the subtle mingling of the sentimental and cynical that combine to make this early comedy a little masterpiece. The first and last acts, laid in a pastoral Dutch setting, form a pretty contrast with the drab second act, which is peopled with a decadent collection of snobs, cads and mufles.

### HIS MORE SERIOUS PIECES

THE dramatist never dreams of asking us to pass judgment on his characters; he is not concerned with the morality of the situation. After all, why should he be? What is there to say? Sacha would in all probability explain André's action with a shrug of the shoulders: "C'est la vie! One

suffers and another is happy. It's my fault."

Of late years there is a disquieting tendency on the part of Sacha to the heights. The only really serious symptom so far observable is the ambitious *Pasteur*. *Pasteur* is to the Sacha plays what a temporary spell is to a confirmed drunkard—a rarefied atmosphere of this play which there is no woman and no reference to sex—seems the result of dramatist's deliberate attempt to do sort of thing that everyone would he could never do. It is somewhat of a stunt.

Another stunt is the *Deburau* which was so magnificently mounted and inadequately acted last season in New York. In spite of the *vers libres* it is poetry in it, and sentiment, an unforgettable picture of the great actor of modern times. *Deburau* is fine as *Cyrano*. A man who can do a deliciously naughty one-acter *Chez la Reine Ysabeau*, a charming three-acter like *l'illusionniste*, and a magnificent historical comedy in acts like *Deburau*, before reaching the age of forty, is capable of great things.

### REMARKABLE VERSATILITY

FORTUNATELY, Sacha refuses to take himself too seriously. He has written forty-eight comedies, has written a novel, a series of biographical sketches, edited a magazine, painted pictures, done pen-and-ink cartoons, and etched. He manages, and produces. "Are you interested in sports?" asked an interviewer. "Oh, yes," answered Sacha. "Just now at the Théâtre Edouard I'm playing every night. In order to reach the stage from my dressing room I have to descend two stairways. Each stairway has 18 steps: that makes 36 in all. Between each act I have the round trip—72 steps. Total, each evening, 288 steps. On matinee that makes 576. If you don't call sport, and with a vengeance, you've very hard to please!"

There is little danger of Sacha becoming serious. I cannot imagine that anything could make moral, in our sense of the word, even our vice societies whose officers will doubtless attend his New York productions, or the critics who can discover in his plays anything but drama, and in his philosophy anything but a novel. I see for the Sacha of the future a long line of successful plays. I can only hope that the *Deburau* experiment will be repeated, and that the genial figure of Rabelais for the next play. In *Le Comédien*, Sacha makes the actor say: "I have a'd with twelve hundred people!" Sacha has always kept his dates—with twelve hundred—and will, because he is born and bred of the theatre, continue to keep his dates, for his love of his art is inexhaustible and his understanding perfect.





## Tout Ensemble



The flying scarf of gay printed silk which adorns the season's dress or cloak will lose half its *debonair* charm if its brilliant hues are not echoed in some important accessory worn with it, thinks that woman who possesses the magic sense of *ensemble* in dress, and promptly turns to the colourful kid shoes now being offered by Henning.

She will, for example, select a pair of black patent leather sandals, banded, strapped with maroon kid, to wear with a black coat-dress girdled in black, gold and maroon striped silk; or, again, black suede pumps, saddled and heeled in vivid green to combine with fluttering panels of grass green and navy blue bias plaid.

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## THE MYSTERY MAN OF THE STAGE

(Concluded from page 27)

and illusion. On one shelf were the scrap-books of the elder Mathews, with his "entertainments" and comic annuals, humor that is as piquant today as the time it was written—a sort of glorified Joe Miller. We found two copies of *Sayer's Dramatic Prints*, both plain and in color, several volumes of the same sort from the famous "Hibernian" Magazine, published in Dublin in 1700, in the time of Sheridan, and rows upon rows of play "bills," many of silk and satin, given out at the theatres as souvenirs on special occasions.

### COLLECTION OF MEZZO-TINTS

FROM the library we were escorted up a flight of stairs to find ourselves in an upper room given over exclusively to indexed files of letters and beautiful mezzo-tints. Many of these latter are an amplification of the collection now in the British Museum. Among them was one of Chalmers, the English actor, who played in this country in 1796, another of Ira Aldridge, the famous negro tragedian. In the files of letters are epistles of unique historical value, the personal correspondence of Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Fanny Kemble, John Henderson (the Bath Roscius and favorite tragedian of Garrick's time), John Wilkes Booth, Thomas A. Cooper, E. A. Sothern, Jenny Lind, Ada Isaacs Menken, and a host of others. This entire section of his library Houdini has willed to the National Museum at Washington.

About the walls of this upper room were numerous portraits, in oil and water color, which are invaluable. There hung Thomas Wignell, first manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and one of the earliest and most important figures on the American stage, and a fine head of the melancholy comedian, John Liston. There, also, was a separate collection of minstrel bills and programmes, dating back to the first productions of the kind in America, many folk songs in the original, which occupied one entire side of this upper room. Among the latter was the original copy of "Maggie By My Side," composed by

Stephen C. Foster, author of "My Old Kentucky Home" and many other American folk songs.

In the hallway below, our host pointed out two pictures suspended in heavy oak frames, one of a kindly, grey haired woman with the same broad intelligent forehead as Houdini; other, the stern, austere, bearded face of a Rabbi of the Jewish faith. "My father and mother," he explained.

I wondered as I studied the two faces what individual traits of character each had perpetuated in the person of this astonishing son—the mechanic, ventriloquist, acrobat, aviator (winner of the Australian trophy for the first successful flight with a heavier than air machine in March 16, 1910), magician (President of the American Society of Magicians), lock and handcuff specialist, scientist, writer (with ten books to his credit), book collector, and, latest of all, motion-picture actor.

### SECRET OF HIS POWER

WHAT is the real nature of Houdini's marvelous powers? The wizard smiled oddly as he replied: "That I cannot tell you. When I was a young man on my first visit to New York, broke and hungry, I offered to exhibit my 'tricks' and explain their nature to four of the biggest newspaper men in town for the sum of twenty dollars. Every one turned me down. The secret will go with me to my grave. If it were anything in the nature of a contribution to science, anything that might help humanity, would assuredly disclose it, but it is not. The secret is peculiar to myself and it is improbable that there will be another individual in several generations so oddly constituted. For one thing, I was born with an inordinately physical strength."

Here he bared his forearm and flexed the muscles of his arms and legs. Under the texture of his clothes his muscles proved to be like iron as unimpressible as the gnarled trunk of an oak. It was easy to understand the incredible feats of strength displayed on our host's latest films—*The Grim Game*, *Terror Island*, and *The Man From Beyond*.



## THE TWO-A-DAY

(Concluded from page 42)

laughs at it in the patter chorus, as he does at all the things the dear public loves in popular music.

Miss Segal sings the stock repertoire of the parlor vocalist, which makes me fear she is going to spoil Mr. Carroll. And Miss Segal also shakes a dainty little shimmy which makes me fear she is going to be

spoiled by him. Theirs is a most unhappy partnership. Vaudeville needs the grace and modesty of Vivienne Segal, but how illy can it afford to lose the delightful naughtiness of its one intelligent composer!

May Harry Carroll keep his tongue in his cheek and his fingers crossed until he finds another revue or another Anna Wheaton.





*I*N the sunlit days of Spring, one's wardrobe plays an important part, and smart frocks of silk are essential to that comfortable, well-dressed feeling.

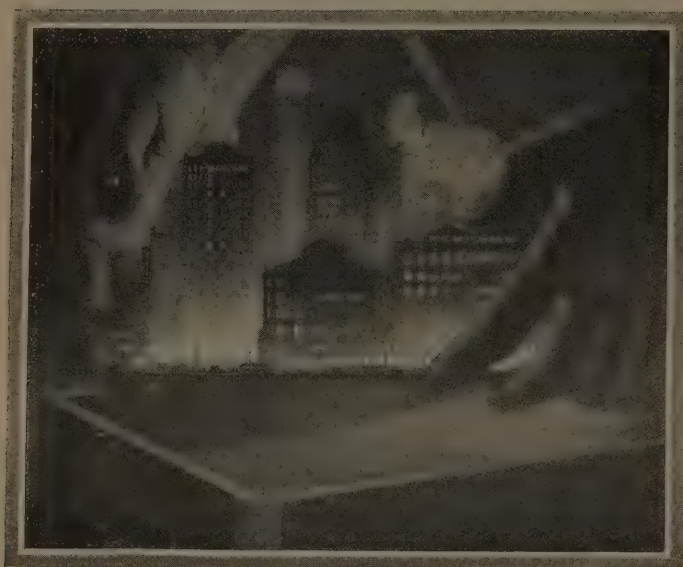
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## MUNICIPAL MOVING PICTURES

By Marc Greene

IN the course of experiments in municipal ownership there is one venture that, so far as known, has been undertaken by only one city in the world. Christiania, Norway, as fine and prosperous a municipality as there is in Europe, owns and operates its own motion picture theatres, and operates them, moreover, with profit and success.

Christiania has a population of about 250,000. The capital of Norway, it is superbly situated at the head of Christiania fjord. The four large modern movie theatres are located on, or adjacent to, the park-like thoroughfare known as Kong Oskar's Gade. Each has a seating capacity of about 500, with every up-to-date facility and comfort. A careful supervision re-  
sults in the exhibition of the best of

American and European films, and only the best. The prices range from the equivalent of twenty to fifty cents.

That such an unusual thing as municipal ownership of theatrical enterprises is not only practicable but mutually beneficial, is indicated by the general excellence of the Christiania theatres and also by the material results. During 1921 the earnings of these photo-play theatres were 1,750,000 crowns, about \$325,000. Of this amount the city set aside about 62,000 crowns for taxes, 337,000 crowns for the building fund, which now amounts to one and a half million crowns to be devoted to the erection of another and larger theatre, and 1,350,000 crowns for "cultural purposes," or general improvement.



## THE MODERN VENTILATION OF THEATRES

THE keeping of fresh air in the large auditoriums of modern theatres is a severe problem that has had to call science and marked skill to its aid. Today, as a result of recent discoveries and improvements, the largest and most crowded houses are able to maintain an atmosphere almost as fresh as that outside. In that entertaining little magazine, *The Edison Monthly*, an interesting description is given of one way in which this effect is achieved.

Says *The Edison Monthly*: "One of the methods which has been found effective for the ventilation of auditoriums provides that the air be actually washed, all dirt being removed by a shower bath. This leaves the air as pure and fresh as the invigorating air after an April shower. The proverbial showers of that month are but Nature's way of making April air the sweetest and cleanest of the year. And so, following Nature's example, man has evolved a similar system which purifies the air within buildings.

"Take the Capitol Theatre, for example! Here one may sit in perfect comfort during all seasons of the year. Even in summer the temperature is barely more than 76 to 81 degrees—often ten to fifteen degrees cooler than the outside air.

"The system in use at the Capitol Theatre was installed by the Lynn Air Conditioning Company of New York City. It is a 'blow-down' system, a study of which, by contrast, recalls the blow-down method in use at Newgate Prison in London years ago. There was a windmill on the roof of the gaol connected with ducts leading to the cells. On windy days

the air within was fine but on hot quiet days the prisoners used to pray for hurricanes to start the mill. The audience of the Capitol is not dependent on the whims of the temperamental winds for its supply of fresh air. The 'powers' behind the throne of the ventilating system are six ever faithful electric motors on the roof. They total 140 horse-power and are operated by current supplied by The New York Edison Company. There are two 35 horse-power motors for the supply fans and two 25 horse-power motors for the exhaust fans and two re-circulating pumps, each operated by motors of 10 horse-power.

"The journey of the fresh air from the time that it is made a prisoner by the suction fans on the roof until it is ushered out of the auditorium, carrying as its luggage the impurities which it collects is a very interesting one. It is first taken into a chamber and is then drawn by suction through thousands of little sprays of water which are at play—sending their fine sprays against a series of slender longitudinal baffle plates of galvanized iron. Being continually chilled by the water these plates are kept cool enough to condense the moisture from the air as it passes by them, thus leaving the air dry and clean. The air is hurried along on its journey by an eight-foot suction fan which forces it through a duct of such huge proportion, that a man could easily walk through it. Leading from this duct is another encircling the great dome and still others which encircle the smaller domes. The fresh air introduced from above gradually spreads itself as a cool soft blanket over the auditorium to refresh and make comfortable the occupants."



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(Continued from page 45)

# THE WORKSHOP BROADENS ITS APPEAL

DURING the many rehearsals and all the work attendant on the production of the mystery play, a thorough understanding and sense of comradeship developed between the workers, cast, stage-crew, volunteer helpers, and department heads. So they were prepared to meet the next demand on them. It soon came, and proved to be for a demonstration of churchly drama to be given for a Sunday School Teachers' Convention in a little mountain town completely removed from the railroad. The director and stage manager, as advance guard, paid the location a flying visit. The local church enclosure offered a charming grassy space under big trees, where a stage could be improvised with silver spruce trees as a background.

To formulate what seemed to be required, the director retired still further into the mountains. It was necessary to devise something which demanded little or no complete rehearsing; which could be divided among groups scattered miles apart; which should demand no scenery nor properties save some few that could easily be transported by motor; and which should utilize costumes already at hand or quickly improvised. The final results of the director's cogitations, entitled *The Jongleur's Tale*, took shape as follows:

## VISUALIZING THE RETURN OF THE DRAMA TO THE CHURCH

A STROLLING player in mediaeval dress, equipped with staff and bag of tricks, magic wand and player's pipe, wandering from the highway, came upon a company of people gathered by a camp fire. Asking permission to entertain them, he told the tale of his wanderings. Standing in the circle of the firelight, he narrated in brief the story of church and stage, priest and player, down through the centuries. First, he told of the early Latin tropes chanted on the altar steps by priests who represented the Marys and the angel of Resurrection Morn. He went on to relate how, later on, priests and players together enacted the mysteries and moralities to teach the gospels to those who had no Latin.

The story of "The Jongleur de Notre Dame" was introduced as a purely fanciful explanation of the unaccountable reconciliation between the Church and the player-folk she so severely banned for a time. The tableau illustrating the legend began a series which the jongleur claimed he summoned by his magic to shine out in the dark. Ensuing tableaux illustrated the Nativity, then the Marys

weeping by the Cross, and rejoicing in the knowledge of the Resurrection, as the narrator rapidly summarized the story of church drama up to the splendid pageants given by the great mediaeval guilds.

Next came pictures for children; first the Marigold, borrowed bodily from the Easter play, giving symbolically the lesson of resurrection; then other pictures, shown playfully, as Hamlin's *Pied Piper* might have used them to teach children gentleness and kindness. The close was a romp of the children of Mother Church with the jongleur who, at last, went singing, escorted by his little friends, back to resume his journey on the highway.

## STAGING THE JONGLEUR'S TALE

FOR staging this demonstration, the stage-manager arrived three days before the production, bringing a roll of workshop curtains. Some of these served to cover a proscenium quickly constructed of three rough two-by-fours, duly braced, and to mask flood-lights manufactured on the spot from melon crates. Others of the curtains were strung to be drawn across the stage. Picnic table-tops, commandeered at sight, furnished a stage with two levels. The Nativity group, the Marys, the Marigold, the hopping rabbit,—all donned the garments and make-up the costume department provided at this juncture and went triumphantly through their bits. Helpers from the cathedral workshop and local volunteers wired and tested, trained and focused lights between thunder showers. Light painting against the silver spruces proved remarkably effective.

The performance proved such a success it was repeated by request for a later conference of clergy in the same cool surroundings.

## SIGNIFICANCE OF THE WORKSHOP

THE cathedral workshop has grown to the importance of being called on for diocesan work. It has received recognition from the Department of Religious Education at the national headquarters of the Presiding Bishop and Council. It has justified its workers' faith that religious drama today can fulfill a two-fold purpose. One of the possibilities is to illustrate, visualize and vitalize Bible teaching, church history, and theology for the children and young people of the Church. Another is to offer them a limitless field of church activities essentially their own, where they learn self-expression, develop ingenuity, and obtain a knowledge of many arts, while they absorb the beauty of the Scriptures, until, beloved and familiar, it will throb rhythmically in their profoundest consciousness.



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## The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

**L**ADIES! We have discovered an interesting phase of the long question: That the fashion has already somewhat restored ankle legs to their one-time position as elements of fascination for the male mind. You don't see that? Let me show you how it works out. This

Two years ago when we first wore the very short skirts you remember the interested attention they received from the men. And for a while long as the style remained a novelty—a leg was a leg, an irresistible in itself regardless of its formation. But the novelty wore off, as a novelty performe must. Legs were to be seen anywhere. If one wanted charm with them, one had to have a particularly beautiful article, unusual pair of stockings . . . or both.

But already, as short a time as skirts have been down, legs are going back some of their original illusive, ineluctable quality. It has already come novel and alluring again to cross one's knees and show the continuation of a pretty ankle. And the stocking people, who imagined that a blight about to fall on their business with the appearance of the long skirt, taken heart. Never was a better day for stockings. For if you are to show only a small amount of it, how necessary that that bit be so. And if fleeting glimpses of the leg are but to be caught here and there, how that those should be especially attractive.

All of which, if you have followed me so far, leads up to a practical application for you . . . to a wonderful tip on stockings of which we have just heard . . .

A day of recent date a quite nice young foreigner asked us to lunch in Plaza. We were to meet him in the lobby . . . and arrived a little late, find him already waiting . . . but . . . but . . . entirely oblivious to our entrance because absorbed in staring at somebody tucked into one of the big chairs, with a most alluring "nude" silk ankle showing above a patent leather shoe. After we had called his attention to our humble presence he glanced casually at the lady.

"Oh, no wonder you stared," we exclaimed. "It's Mary Eaton of the Ziegfeld Folies."

Enough said! We felt much better about having been temporarily regarded.

"She is lovely," sighed the young man. "And what wonderful feet and ankles."

We introduced Mary, tried to get her to join us . . . but, of course, she was previously "dated." At lunch we had to answer many questions/ conceals her and the Folies, and were happy to be asked to see them again . . . that it were for the fourth time . . . You can always keep on seeing the Folies indefinitely, especially this year's production . . .

In the dressing-room, after lunch, we ran into Miss Eaton.

"You've made a desolating hit with our young man," we said. "Your conquests are so inevitable in your existence, we suppose they must be positively banal."

"It was my new stockings," said Mary modestly.

We let the remark pass unprotected, as we scented that we were about to learn something. We were . . . we did.

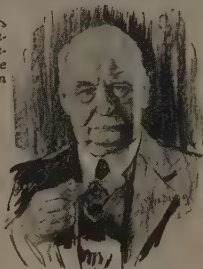
"I can't tell enough women about these stockings, though I'm paid well for doing so," said she generously. (So many women hate to pass an opportunity!) "They're just on the market. And they are marvellous. Thirty see, chiffon hose really, but with the greatest little cast-iron strength, going to tell you their special make, and where you can get them."

Which she did, the lamb!

We found the stockings everything claimed for them . . . and then thin, beautifully woven, without flaw or imperfection, and with a trickery with their seams in the back. But their greatest merit lay in that stock of weave . . . their cast-iron quality, as Miss Eaton truly said. That I almost forgot it—their price, only three dollars, a most cheerful one considering the values offered.

(For the name of this special make of stockings worn by Miss Eaton, where they can be found, write The Vanity Box, care THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York City.)

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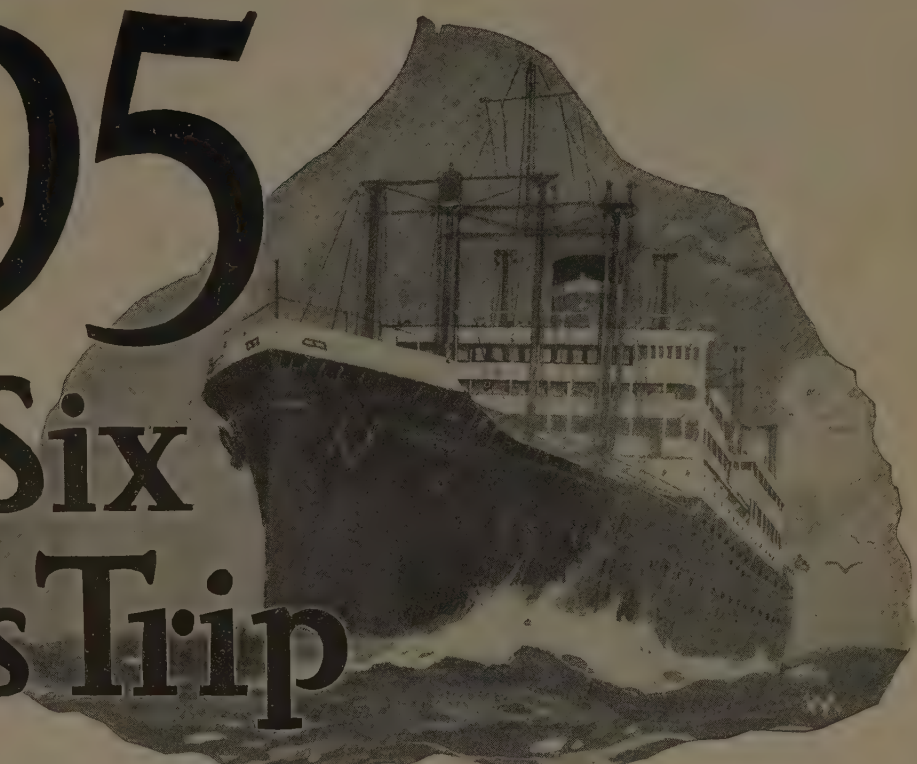




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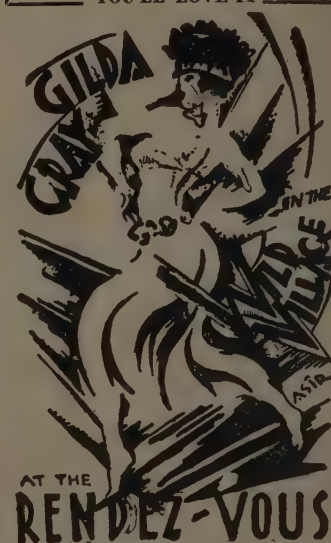
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## THE SCREEN

(Continued from page 34)

developed, from a different starting point, in the experiments resulting in the Prisma Process of color photography, was exhibited simultaneously in New York at the Rialto Theatre. In "shooting" scenes by the Plasticon Process, a binocular camera takes two views, a red view and a green view; and, when these two views are cast simultaneously on the screen, the spectator is asked to correct the blurred outlines by looking through a pair of glasses which covers the right eye with a red window and the left eye with a green window. These "glasses," made of cardboard and celluloid, are so cheap to manufacture that they may be handed out to the public at an inconsiderable cost; and, in this respect, the Plasticon pictures have an emphatic commercial advantage over the Televue. But on the other hand—setting aside any calculation of expense—it should be reported fairly that the Televue surpassed the Plasticon, when both of these inventions were simultaneously shown, in the production of astonishing and beautiful illusions.

At the present moment, the successful invention of stereoscopic cinematography does not seem to be so important in its possible æsthetic results as the successful solution, by the Technicolor Process, of the problem of taking and screening motion pictures in natural colors. Color is concrete and sensuous, depth is abstract and mathematical; and the reproduction of color appeals more potently to the emotions than the suggestion of depth. But though these two new illusions of the screen have been arrived at by scientific means which are so different in their processes as to seem, at the moment, to be practically irreconcilable, it is not at all preposterous to predict that, within the next ten years, some scientist may invent a means of showing us color photography which shall also be stereoscopic.

### NEW MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION

IT is also clearly possible that, within the same period, some scientist will perfect one or another of the many means that are already known for synchronizing the reproduction of actual sounds with the cinematographic reproduction of actual events. When that time comes—as come it will—the world will be endowed with a new medium of expression, a medium prepared to render records of experience complete in all regards—height, breadth, depth, color, and synchronized sound. When that time comes—as come it must—our artists will be offered a stage that is bigger than the world—but imagination trembles at the thought of what faltering and misdirected uses may be made of this new medium until some second Shakespeare—a Shakespeare even larger-minded than the first—shall be born upon this planet!


For the present, however—while we dwell amid these early stages of invention—we should remember always that a scientific improvement of a medium of utterance does not necessarily cause at once an artistic improvement in the matter that is uttered. We must remember, as an axiom of criticism, that no photograph, though set forth with the latest trickings of the trade, can ever be basically any better than the story which it tells. The human and dramatic message of the screen is the only thing that is finally important; and, if this message is sound and true and beautiful, no real critic will particularly care whether it is set forth in two dimensions or in three, whether it is projected with color or without, or whether or not the visual exhibition is accompanied by synchronized sound. It is a good thing when our scientists are encouraged to invent more efficient ways of talking to the public; but it is always a better thing when our artists are stimulated to create greater and more lasting things to say.

### TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY

THE new and elaborate production of *Tess of the Storm Country* is now being advertised throughout the country as "the greatest story that Mary Pickford ever filmed"; but the one thing that is the matter with this exhibition is the basic fact that this twice-told tale, adapted from a novel by Grace Miller White, is not a great story. The new production, directed by John S. Robertson and photographed by Charles Roscher, is, of course, superior in all technical details to the initial production which helped to make Miss Pickford famous several years ago; but, while the scientific technique of the motion picture has advanced materially in the interim, the story has stood still and is now no better than it ever was. It is artificial, sentimental, and untrue. After being introduced to a rural community so aloof and primitive that even the heroine has never yet been taught to wash her face, we are asked to believe that this community contains and supports a cathedral as vast as St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue—an edifice with soaring gothic arches and a huge rose-window, and a nave that is crowded, of a Sunday, with hundreds of worshipers arrayed in metropolitan attire. Such inconsistencies as these divest the photoplay of any pretense to artistic credibility. Quincy Adams Sawyer is another recent photoplay that has inherited its subject-matter from a bygone age. Though admirably directed by Clarence Badger, and excellently acted by an all-star cast, this adaptation by Bernard McConville from the popular novel by Charles Felto Pidgin might almost be regarded as

(Concluded on page 74)





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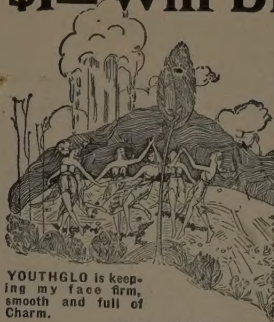
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## THE AMATEUR'S GREEN ROOM

(Concluded from page 46)

Christmas holidays by the Inter-  
Theatre Arts, Inc., at the Art Center,  
New York. The pageant, really a  
series of beautifully lighted tableaux,  
was given a musical setting adapted  
to the Gospel story by Horace John-  
son, from "Songs of the Church," by  
Sergei Rachmaninoff, sung by a mixed  
double quartette conducted by Barlow.  
Helen Ford directed the play and  
Elizabeth Grimbail worked out the  
lighting effects.

## ROLAND HOLT LECTURES ON THE POWER OF THE PLAYGOER

MR. Roland Holt, Vice-President of  
Henry Holt & Company, and one  
time director of the New York Oratorio  
Society, and the late Century Opera  
Company, will lecture on The Power  
of the Playgoer, to the Drama League,  
Rome, N. Y.; The Reading Club,  
Louisville, Ky.; The Reading Club,  
Topeka, Kan.; The Joliet Women's  
Club, Joliet, Ill.; the Glen Coe  
Women's Club, Glen Coe, Ill., and  
The Highland Park Women's Club,  
Highland Park, Ill. In the April  
issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE, Mr. Holt  
will contribute an important article,  
*Music for American Plays and  
Pageants*, which teachers and play  
producers will find invaluable in its  
wealth of suggested material.

## THE PELHAM MANOR CLUB PLAYERS

UP in Westchester County—in the  
Pelhams, to be exact—a group of  
gifted men and women, making up the  
Drama Section of the Manor Club  
have been quietly developing a Little  
Theatre, distinctive for its vitality and  
the character of its productions. It  
is their ambition to make their club-  
house the nucleus from which the  
artistic, literary and dramatic inter-  
ests of the community may grow and  
develop—and from all indications  
they are succeeding admirably.

Their first play of the season—*Plots  
and Playwrights*, produced under the  
direction of Vernon Radcliffe, was

professional in its smoothness, well  
cast, and acted with skill and under-  
standing. Although the requirements  
of the play were slight, as regards  
scenic investiture, the street scene in  
the Prologue was staged with excellent  
effect, thanks to the efficient lighting  
equipment of the Manor Club Theatre.

This group will welcome original  
plays.

## COMMUNITY DRAMA

AN important feature of the present  
year to amateur groups is the  
extension work being done by the  
Community Service Drama Institutes.

During November and December,  
five drama institutes were conducted  
under the auspices of Community Ser-  
vice organizations. In Boston, under  
the direction of Joy Higgins, the Dra-  
ma Institute concentrated especially on  
drama for churches and for church  
workers. In Jackson, Mich., a most  
interesting program was outlined and  
conducted by Nina B. Lankin, com-  
prising various forms of recreational  
activities as well as demonstrations of  
practically every form of dramatics.  
I Seattle, Wash., in Huntington, W.  
Va., George Junkin directing, and in  
Clearfield, Pa., Elizabeth H. Hanley  
directing, the drama institutes all  
brought practical results in the forma-  
tion of permanent dramatic groups in  
each locality.

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munity dramatics and little theatre  
work and lasts from two to six or  
eight weeks. It includes training in  
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those who have had some experience.  
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of dramatic workers.

Suggestions are given for the choice  
of plays for amateur production and  
training for children's drama, and  
elementary pantomime, folk dancing  
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(Concluded from page 12)

intended to be a teacher in the public  
schools. She went to Teachers'  
College. A girl whom she met there  
told her she knew an actress. Elsie  
said she would like to know an actress.  
The friend took her to see this one.  
She told the actress she would like to  
go on the stage. The actress said she  
would try to help her.

Elsie is a traveler. She made a tour  
of the world with her secretary. She  
travelled incognito. She thought that  
as Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke no one  
would know her. But they did. Even  
in China. That proud profile, like an  
exiled princess's, is unforgettable.

She came back with a new poise from  
the dim old East.

She and her husband are deeply in  
love. She threatens when she retires  
from the stage to write a book about  
"this sweet thing, the noblest man  
I ever knew, the kindest and the best."

Elsie has the genius for inspiring  
love. Not the slightest doubt about it.  
But not for friendship. She has few  
friends. You may be right. Perhaps  
she doesn't want many. She seems re-  
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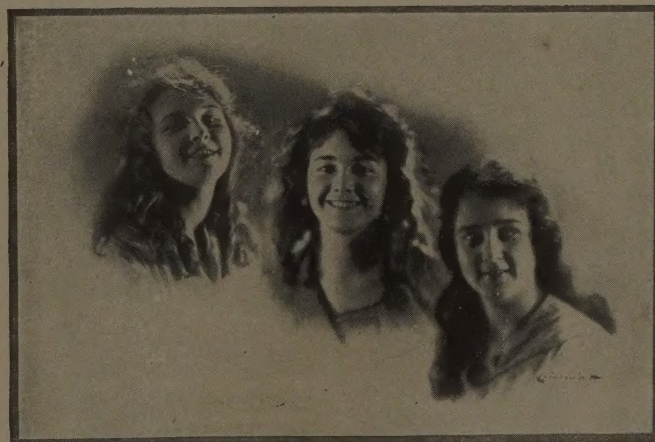
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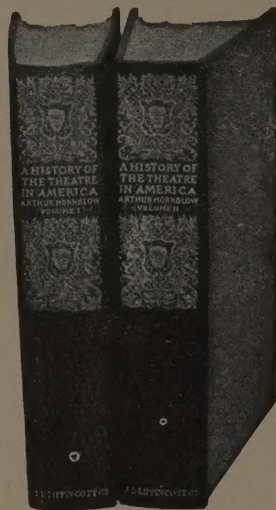
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## THE SCREEN

(Concluded from page 70)

definitive of all the faults which, for so many years, invited the more intelligent members of the public to contemplate the "movies" with condescending scorn.

### MIRACULOUS MOVIE CURES

HERE, in a small-town setting, we see once more assembled all of the old stock characters and all of the old stock situations. The climax comes when the oily village villain, aided and abetted by the village "vamp," whose coquetry has been repulsed by the noble-hearted hero, plots devilishly to induce the ox-like and half-witted village blacksmith to sever with an axe the rope that guides the old ferry-barge across the river, at a time when the blind heroine is the only passenger aboard. As the barge is swept downward toward the deadly falls, it is desperately pursued by the hero; and, at the ultimate moment, the heroine is rescued from the rapids. Her head having been bumped against a rock, she revives in the arms of her lover, with the startling exclamation, "I can see!" Thus easily is blindness cured in the make-believe world of the "movies."

A repeated contemplation of such invented incidents might lead a logical observer to declare that the celebrated Dr. Coué is an arrant pessimist when compared with the happy-hearted makers of our conventional "movies." Even in so comparatively fine a picture as George Arliss's recent production of *The Man Who Played God*, which was developed from a short-story by Gouverneur Morris, the hero, after suffering for a long time from absolute deafness, was miraculously cured in the last reel by the simple expedient of falling against a brass railing in the chancel of a church. Mr. Morris's original story had ended logically with the despairing and self-sacrificing suicide of the stricken hero; but, though Mr. Arliss's picture was far finer and much more intelligent than the average exhibition that is set forth on the screen, it was felt expedient to cull a happy ending.

### SALOME

IN contrast with such conventional repetitions of an outworn formula, the public should welcome such an undertaking as Madame Nazimova's production of *Salomé*. This production, for a change, is frankly and logically artificial in conception:—by which I mean that it is consistently conceived throughout in terms of art, instead of being conceived in terms of life. This picture follows faithfully, from first to last, the text—though not, by any means, the spirit and intention—of Oscar Wilde. Nothing has been added to this text; and very little has been subtracted from it. Regarded as a frieze of animated decoration, this picture is one of the very finest things

that have ever yet been shown upon the screen. The settings and the costumes, which were designed in black and white by Natacha Rambova, reproduce precisely the very spirit of those epoch-making illustrations which were imagined by Aubrey Beardsley to decorate the first edition of the text of this world-famous play.

Yet, though the composition of Oscar Wilde has been followed assiduously point by point, both in the screening of the action and in the wording of the judiciously selected sub-titles, the entire spirit and intention of the drama has been almost diametrically altered. For this topsy-turvy treatment of a famous work of art, neither Madame Nazimova nor her director, Mr. Charles Bryant, may be blamed. They were confronted with the practical problem of getting their picture to the public past the censor; and, in order to evade the uncultured and unintelligent obstruction of the censors, they were obliged to alter and emasculate the message of the narrative. Instead of presenting a frank treatise on the beauty of intolerable horror and the horror of intolerable beauty, they have presented an "innocent" narrative of an innocent little girl who did not know what she was doing when she toyishly demanded the head of the prophet on a charger. But, by ingeniously contriving to parry the stupid obstructions of the censorship, Madame Nazimova and Mr. Bryant have managed to set before the public a startlingly beautiful work of decorative art.

### THE STRANGERS' BANQUET

THE critical axiom that no picture can ever be basically better than the story which it tells carries with it the corollary that no director can ever be basically greater than the continuity of his picture will permit him to appear. Marshall Neilan is a director who is undeniably endowed with an astonishing talent for inventing bits of business that not only illustrate but also illuminate the telling of a tale; but most of his recent productions—like *The Strangers' Banquet*, for example—have revealed a regrettable lack of centralized and cumulative structure. It might almost seem that this highly heralded director had made his drama up as he had gone along, with his company assembled on the set, instead of following faithfully the recorded directions of a written continuity that had been carefully prepared in advance. At any rate, *The Strangers' Banquet*, though clever and ingenious in detail, is inchoate and wandering in its entirety. What it lacks is composition; and it would appear, from this particular exhibit, that even so talented a director as Mr. Neilan cannot dispense with the co-operative service of an equally talented editorial collaborator.